

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

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OF

S T O R I E S

FOR BROTHER AND SISTER.

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

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THE
CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

"WELL, it is strange!" said old Matthew Lenormand, as he stood by the camp fire, busily engaged in stirring the contents of a small saucepan—"that I, a sergeant in the Forty-fifth regiment, who have never had, to my knowledge, father, mother, brother, or sister, should be here preparing breakfast like any old nurse for this little child, who is lying fast asleep in my cloak. However, she is as good a little creature as ever lived, and I should be made

of stone if I did not love her with all my heart. From the moment when I found her deserted in the streets of Saragossa, at the time of the burning of the town, until this day, she has never given me the slightest annoyance. They may laugh, and call me ‘nurse,’ and ‘grandfather;’ but what’s that to me? If they had got the cross of the Legion of Honour as I have, from the emperor’s own hand, I might consider them worth answering; but as it is, I don’t. I’ll keep my little girl in spite of their sneers, and I’ll make her soup, too! By-the-bye, we have no butter to-day—’tis absent without leave; but I’ll put double allowance of salt, and that will do as well.”

Matthew's soliloquy was here interrupted by the beating of a drum. He hastened to get his men into order, and, on returning, found his charge, a beautiful little girl of about six years old, awake, and eating the soup which he had prepared for her.

"Well, Carmencita," said he, affectionately, "how are you to-day, darling?"

"Quite well, father," replied the child; "I have had such a long sleep, that I am quite rested."

"So much the better; we must be off again to-day."

"I am quite ready, father," said the little girl.

"I know you are a good, brave child, Carmencita," resumed the ser-

geant; "but, if reports are true, we have a long march before us now. They say we are going to France; perhaps even to Paris. I hope, for your sake, that it is true, for we might then find some better protector for you than poor old Matthew. However, we must trust in God, and hope for the best. Here comes the colonel—make a nice curtsey."

The colonel now approached, saying, "Sergeant, you are to go with the baggage, and when the little one gets tired, you can put her on one of the carts."

"Thank you, colonel," said the old soldier; "but, in fine weather, she can walk very well, and all the soldiers—even those who laugh at me about her—are ready to give her

a lift over the rough ways; she is a favourite with them all."

"She is an interesting child," said the colonel; "but it seems to me that you have undertaken a heavy responsibility."

"I know I have, sir; but I was a foundling myself, and should have been badly off if the regiment had not adopted me. I ought, in my turn, to do as much for this poor little creature."

"It is all well now; but you know you will not always be able to keep her with you."

The old sergeant, who was a privileged person in the regiment, now ventured to ask if they had been ordered to Paris.

"We are ordered to France," re-

plied the officer, “and will, I suppose, go on to Paris. They say that the Emperor is preparing for a great expedition, and wishes to review the troops to be engaged in it. I hope our regiment will be included; but, as yet, we have received no decisive order.”

Here the conversation ended, and the regiment, soon after, resumed its march through Spain to the French frontier, Matthew, as usual, leading the little Carmencita, who, inured from her infancy to the fatigues and vicissitudes of a soldier’s life, walked cheerfully by his side, amusing him with her childish prattle, and sometimes enlivening the way with a snatch of some merry song. If any soldier lagged behind, his

comrades would jestingly tell him to give his knapsack and musket to the little girl, thus raising a laugh at his expense. But, when rain came on, every cloak was offered to shelter the little stranger; and in the rugged passes all were ready to carry her, for her gentle and affectionate manners had won on the rough soldiers, who vied with each other in petting and caressing her, and invariably spoke of her as the "Pearl of the Forty-fifth."

At length they arrived in France, and now Matthew and his adopted daughter had fewer difficulties to contend with. The officers who distributed the billets always took care that the sergeant should be quartered in some house where there were

women and children; and his frank and cordial manners, together with the prepossessing appearance of the little "Pearl," never failed to ensure them a cordial reception. Her natural beauty and grace were enhanced by the elegance of her national costume; for Matthew took a pride in keeping her dressed exactly as she was when he had met her wandering, unprotected, through the blazing streets of Saragossa; and his great delight was, when his men were at their quarters, and his regimental duties fulfilled, to take her out for a walk, and parade her, in her pretty and singular costume, before the admiring eyes of the simple townspeople. But this could not be done for nothing; and the rich dresses

and embroidered jackets of the little *Pearl* were purchased by many privations on the part of her old friend. He had to relinquish, not only his glass of brandy and game of picquet, but his beloved pipe, and box of perfumed snuff ; and his evenings would have passed heavily without these accustomed luxuries, but that he endeavoured to occupy himself, and serve his little charge, by giving her lessons in reading and writing.

At length, after a toilsome march, the regiment arrived in Paris. It was just at this time that Napoleon, enraged at the Emperor Alexander's refusal to enter into his plans, had resolved on that expedition into Russia, so glorious in its commencement, so disastrous in its termination.

Before entering on the campaign, he thought it advisable to see his soldiers, worn out, as they were, from the many vicissitudes through which they had lately passed, and to reanimate their drooping spirits, by assuring them in person, that they were now on their way to glory and distinction. He knew well that there was that in his voice and mien which never failed to reassure them — a something akin to magic, which in a moment, seemed to obliterate from their memories all previous hardships, and to prepare them to follow cheerfully wherever he should lead. For this purpose he assembled, in Paris, the different regiments which he had chosen for the expedition; and, having reviewed each one sepa-

rately, and addressed the soldiers in a few startling words, ordered a splendid repast to be served in the Champs Elysées, where, drinking to the glory of the emperor, and the prosperity of their country, they learned to forget past trials, and look forward to victory and renown.

The day fixed for the review of the Forty-fifth was now approaching, and Matthew had reflected, over and over again, on the course he ought to pursue with regard to Carmencita, who was now growing a fine, tall girl. One thing was certain — he could not think of taking her with him on such an expedition as that now in contemplation, of which no one could foresee the result, or the probable duration. But what should

he do with her? To whom could he confide her? He asked himself these questions for the hundredth time on the evening preceding the day appointed for the review, and, still unable to answer them satisfactorily, he resolved to go out and buy half an ounce of tobacco—"for," said he to himself, "I have often noticed that good ideas strike me while I am smoking; and who knows but that I may hit upon some plan to-night, over my pipe!"

He went for the tobacco, and having filled his pipe, was about to light it with the paper in which the tobacco had been rolled, when some printing on one side attracted his attention. He stopped, and read—
"Seminary of Ecouen, founded by His

*Majesty the Emperor, for the education
of the daughters of Knights of the
Legion of Honour."*

The sergeant uttered an exclamation of joy—"Was I not right," said he, "in thinking that some good would come of my half ounce of tobacco? To think that there should be a school for *our* daughters, and that I never knew of it! But I have found it out just in time—Providence has surely its own wise ways—I'll smoke my pipe with a lighter heart now, and who knows what good we may do to-morrow!"

The morning sun found Matthew Lenormand in full uniform, with Carmencita by his side. He had himself plaited her long hair in two tresses, which fell to the edge of her

full brown merino shirt; a black velvet bodice fitted closely to her pretty little figure; and a lace collar and ruffles, white stockings, and neat black shoes, completed her attire. As the old man gazed on her, and marked her high and noble forehead, her black eyes and long dark lashes, and the easy grace of her light figure, he augured well for the success of his intended application; and, leading her, with his men, to the Champs Elysées, he placed her behind the ranks, and desired her to remain there until he should call her.

The trumpets soon announced the approach of the Emperor. "Now is my time!" said Matthew; and as Napoleon passed in front of the regiment, he advanced two steps from

the line, and presenting arms, stood directly before him. The Emperor stopped—“ Do you want to speak to me, my good fellow ?” asked he.

“ I do, may it please your majesty,” replied the veteran. “ Allow me, with all respect, to show you this cross, which I received, from your majesty’s own hand, on the field of Austerlitz.”

“ Well, I suppose you deserved it.”

“ I don’t deny that, sire ; but I wished to speak now about a little girl—”

“ Your daughter, I suppose ?” said Napoleon, becoming impatient.

“ No, sire, but a little child, thrown providentially in my way during the siege of Saragossa, and who would have been burnt or massacred, with

the rest of the townspeople, if I had not taken her in my arms, and brought her away."

"And to whom does the child belong?"

"We do not know, sire, who her parents were, but she belongs to me and to the regiment: and we all call her 'The Pearl of the Forty-fifth.'"

Napoleon turned to the colonel, who eagerly confirmed all that Matthew had said, and assured him that nothing could exceed the old soldier's attention and kindness to his adopted child.

"I see," said the emperor, "that you are not only a brave soldier, but a good man—I will furnish you with the means of providing for your adopted child."

"Pardon me, sire—I don't exactly want money—I wished to ask a favour of another kind: I must first tell your majesty that I bought, last night, half an ounce of tobacco."

"Very good," said Napoleon, smiling, "you did well!"

"Here, sire, is the piece of paper in which the tobacco was wrapped. From the few words printed on it, I first learned the existence of the '*Seminary of Ecouen, for the education of the daughters of Knights of the Legion of Honour.*'"

"Ah! I understand," said the emperor; "your cross was well earned, and as you have saved the life of this child, you may, indeed, consider her as your own. It shall be arranged for you. General," con-

tinued he, turning to one of his aides-de-camp, "let this sergeant have an order for the admission of his daughter to the seminary of Ecouen."

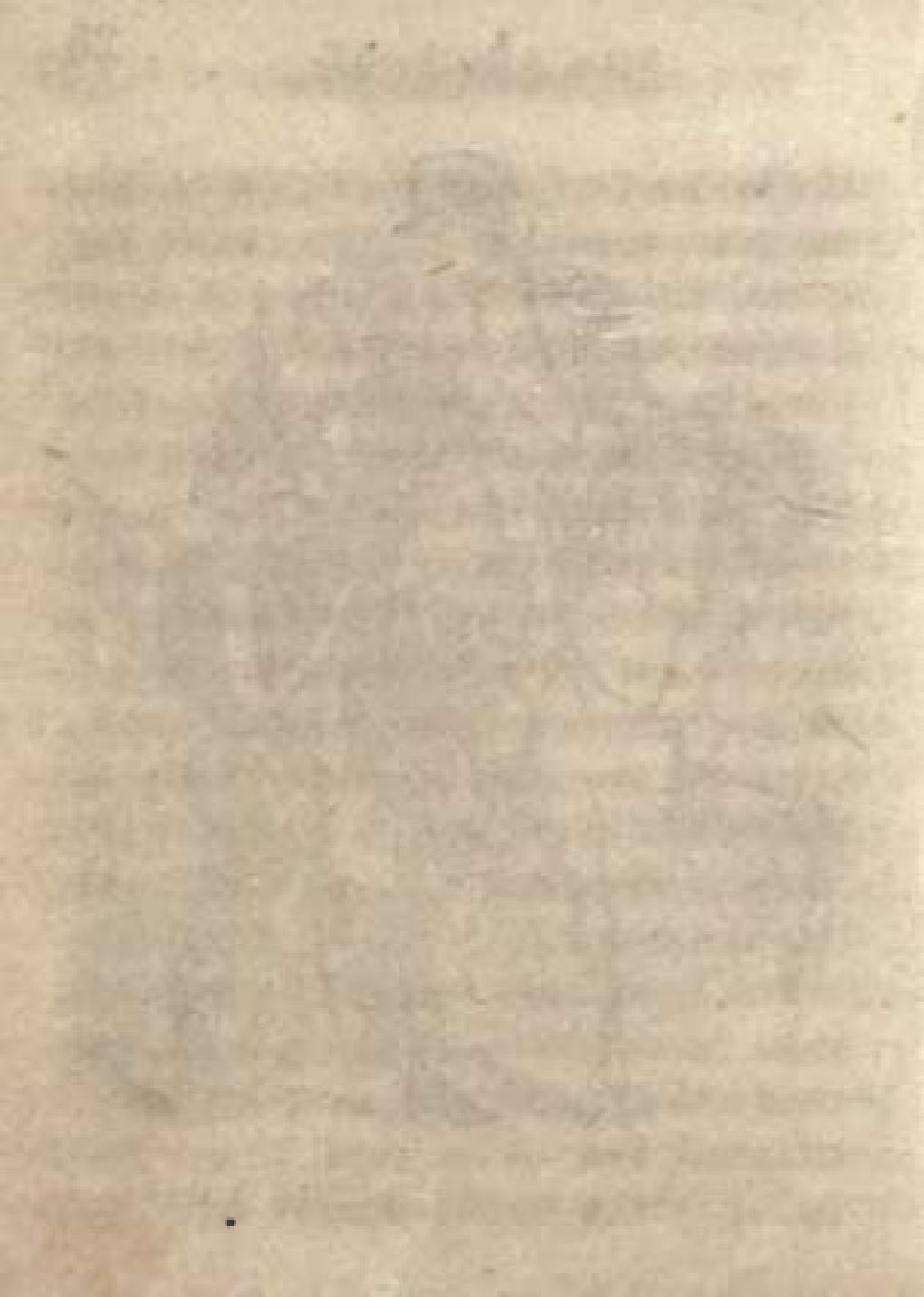
"Ah, sire!" exclaimed old Matthew, in a transport of joy and gratitude, "if you would but look at her, and honour her with a word, she would remember it all her life, and the whole regiment would feel grateful for the favour shown to their pearl. Carmencita! come forward and thank his majesty."

"Lift her up," said the emperor, "and let me kiss the Pearl of the gallant Forty-Fifth!"

Matthew raised her in his arms, and, as Napoleon kissed her forehead, he shouted loudly, "God save



NAPOLÉON KISSING THE CHILD.



the emperor!" and the cry was taken up, and repeated by the entire regiment, who looked on this act of condescension as a reward for the services they had rendered to the child.

Early the next day, Matthew Lenormand took his little charge, with the emperor's order, to the establishment provided by Napoleon for the daughters of his gallant soldiers. Being ushered into the presence of the virtuous and talented lady who presided over the school, he presented the letter, and introduced Carmencita.

"I have been expecting you, sir," said Madame Campan. "His majesty the emperor has been pleased to send me word that you were to bring me a pupil, whom he recom-

mends especially to my care. She is an interesting little creature; I am told she is not your daughter."

"No, madame," replied he, "she is a little angel whom it pleased God to throw in my way, and to give me the will and power to serve. I do not even know her name, although it is more than three years since I first took charge of her. She says that she only recollects having once seen her mother, but she remembers her nurse, who must have perished during the siege of Saragossa, as I found the little creature deserted in the burning streets. She then wore round her neck a gold chain, to which was suspended a small silver medal, and I have made her wear it ever since, in the hope that it may

lead to her being recognised by her relatives, if any of them still exist. On one side of the medal is a coat of arms, with some Latin words, which I do not understand; on the other is a cross, with her Christian name, *Carmencita*. I will beg leave to give you, also, a short account in writing, of the circumstances under which I found her, for we are entering on a new campaign, and as the bullets will be flying pretty thickly, there is no knowing whose turn it may be to fall. I am grateful to the emperor for recollecting his old servant, and for securing a happy asylum for the orphan child; but I think I shall often regret my little *Carmencita*, for she has been a blessing and a comfort to me through many a weary journey."

Many tears were shed on both sides; but at length the soldier tore himself away, recommending *Carmencita* to be a good girl, to attend to her lessons, and to pray night and morning for her old friend. "Good bye, once more, my darling," said he; "I'll come to see you when the regiment returns;" and he left Ecouen, wiping large tears from his sun-burnt cheeks, and saying to himself, "Well, I did not think it would cost me so much to part with her." A few days after, he was on the road to Moscow.

The grief of *Carmencita* was at first excessive. The change was very great from her former life of liberty, to the restraint, mild as it was, of the seminary. She missed her friends,

the soldiers of the Forty-fifth, and most of all, her adopted father, the only one that loved her in the wide world. But in a short time, the kindness of the mistresses, and the inward gayety of her companions, reconciled her to her new abode, and she became once more joyous and light-hearted as a bird. Gifted with grace, beauty, talent, and amiability, she won the good opinion of her teachers by docility and industry; and the affection of her companions by kindness and good humour.

As time advanced, she made wonderful progress in every branch of her studies; and while making friends of all around her, she never forgot her peculiar situation, and, with steadiness and forethought be-

yond her years, prepared for the time when she should leave Econen, and make use of her talents, not only for her own support, but for the comfort of her adopted father, whose old age she hoped to gladden by her presence and exertions.

Meanwhile, great events were passing in Europe. It is not our purpose to enter into the details of the campaign in Russia, nor to tell how all the nations of Europe conspired against the mighty conqueror, whose growing power had spread terror far and wide; how cold and hunger thinned the ranks of his brave soldiers—and how, at length, vanquished rather by the elements than by his enemies, Napoleon was obliged to yield.

He abdicated, and his conquerors replaced on the throne of France the ancient family of the Bourbons. Then came the Hundred Days—and then St. Helena, and the Second Restoration. During all this time, Carmencita had received no news of the old sergeant, but it was said that he had perished before Moscow; the orphan still, however, continued her daily prayers for him, and fondly cherished the hope of seeing him once more.

Time rolled on, and the lovely and engaging child was fast growing into a beautiful and interesting girl, when news arrived that the king and royal family were about to visit Ecouen. The appointed day found the whole school in a state of the greatest ex-

citement. The pupils were presented one by one to the king, and many of them, bearing names rendered illustrious by noble deeds, were graciously noticed by the royal visitors. But when it came to Carmencita's turn, the superintendent hesitated. "This," said she, "is a young lady who was entrusted to my care, on the emperor's recommendation, by a soldier who went with him to Russia, and of whom we have heard nothing since. The poor orphan, whose life was saved at Saragossa, by the humanity of this old soldier, has no clue by which to discover her family, except a little medal which she wears round her neck, and on which are engraved a coat of arms, and a motto, with the name *Carmencita*. The

motto is, *Angelis suis deus mandavit de te*. I have also got a written statement, left by Matthew Lenormand, of the circumstances of her preservation."

"Madame," said the king, who had listened attentively while Madame Campan spoke, "I consider your young pupil under my immediate protection, and will endeavour, if possible, to discover her relations. Should I not succeed, you need still suffer no uneasiness on her account, as I wish to be a father to all who have been rendered orphans by the late cruel wars."

That evening the visit to Ecouen was discussed in the royal circle, and the story of the orphan of Saragossa excited universal interest. The

king himself spoke of her to the Spanish ambassador, and begged that he would examine the medal, in the hope that it might lead to the discovery of her family.

In compliance with this request, the ambassador went the next day to Ecouen, and asked to see the Spanish orphan. On her entering the room, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, but soon recovering himself, begged she would tell him all she knew of her family.

"I am sorry, sir," said Carmen-cita, "that I cannot give yo' any information concerning them. When very young I was separated from my nurse in some scene of terror and confusion, and protected by a soldier, whose tender care sheltered

me from harm, during the long journeys and fierce battles which followed. At length, I found myself in a country where there were no battles, and where we were very happy; and one day I stood with the soldiers, in a beautiful garden, and was presented by my father, as I still call him, to the emperor, who ordered me to be placed in this institution, where I have since been treated with the greatest kindness."

"But have you not got a medal, and a paper containing some information?"

"Here is the medal; I always wear it. The paper is in the possession of Madame Campan; and merely contains a statement of my having been found deserted in the streets

of Saragossa, by Matthew Lenormand, the old soldier whom I mentioned to you."

The ambassador, having examined the medal, exclaimed, "There scarcely remains a doubt. I was struck, on entering the room, with your extraordinary likeness to my family, and here I find our motto and coat of arms, together with the name *Carmencita*, which was given at the font to the child of my unfortunate sister. I may be wrong, my dear child, and I fear to mislead you by a hasty disclosure; but you shall see me again in a few days, when I hope to bring intelligence, which will, I trust, be as welcome to you as pleasing to me."

A few days after this visit an old

soldier arrived at Ecouen, and asked to see Carmencita. She hastened to the reception room, and found there Matthew Lenormand, sadly altered from hardship and fatigue, but kind and affectionate as ever. She threw herself into his arms with broken exclamations of joy and thanksgiving, and then hastened to tell Madame Campan that her beloved father was restored to her. They went down together, and found Matthew in a state of mingled delight and embarrassment.

“ Ah, Madame!” said he, “ is it possible that this beautiful young lady can be my little Carmencita? I can hardly venture to speak to her.”

“ And yet I am not afraid to speak

to you, my dear good father!" exclaimed Carmencita, joyfully.

"But," said the old man, "you must find me, also, very much altered, for I have gone through a great deal since you last saw me."

"You look a little older and more worn than when I last saw you; but I should have known you anywhere. Although every one here believed that you had perished at Moscow, I never gave up the hope of seeing you again; and I prayed every day that you might be spared to be a protector to your adopted child."

"Did you so? I suppose, then, that your prayers helped to preserve me from the dangers which I had to encounter. It was all well in the early part of the campaign—we had

only to face the enemy—but in the retreat, we had to endure cold, famine, and misery of every kind. I was badly wounded in one of the engagements which occurred nearly every day, and had made up my mind that I was to die, and lie there in a winding-sheet of snow. I had offered, as I thought, my last prayer—and it was for your happiness, my darling child—when a party of the enemy's soldiers came up, and took me prisoner. I was removed to a distant province, where, notwithstanding my wounds, I was made to work hard; but while I was tossed about there, like a crust of bread in a knapsack, I heard one fine morning that the emperor had left France. I did not believe it; but when they

told me that peace had been proclaimed, and that the prisoners were to be set free, I did not wait to be pressed, but set off to make my way home. I was stopped within a few leagues of the French frontier—I showed my passport—‘That’s of no use,’ said one of the officials, ‘your Corsican emperor has returned, war is declared, and you must go back again to Russia.’ This was pleasant news; I had to go back as I came, and to content myself once more amongst the Kalmuks. When we have more time I will give you a full account of my adventures whilst in exile, as well as of my dreary journeys to and fro. At length the news came again, that our poor emperor was gone, and that we were to be

released ; and it seems that this time it was true, for here I am. Through my long and dismal journeys, my thoughts were always with you, my poor child ! I used to wonder if I should find you alive, and to calculate what I could do for you. We shall not be rich ; but with my pension and God's help we shall do very well. At any rate, we will hope for the best, for now that I have seen you I have nearly forgotten all my troubles."

" You need not fear, my dearest father," said Carmencita. " During your absence, I, too, have been working hard, and I hope now to be able to make you some return for all you have done for me ; besides, I have lately heard something which will, I hope, give you pleasure."

At this moment the doors were thrown open, and a servant announced, "His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador."

He advanced towards Carmencita, and embracing her cordially, informed her that his suppositions had proved to be correct, and that he had succeeded in obtaining indisputable proof of her being the daughter of his only sister, who with the remainder of her family had perished at Saragossa. "And now, my dearest niece," added he, "let me hope that you will not hesitate to assume the name and rank to which you are unquestionably entitled, while I take measures to prove your right to your father's property, which, in consequence of your supposed death,



THE OLD SOLDIER AT HOME.



has passed to a distant branch of his family."

Carmencita could scarcely find words to express her joy and gratitude, and eagerly presented to her newly-found relative the adopted father, to whom, as she said, she was indebted, not only for her life, but for the care and instruction which she had received in her present abode. Her uncle received the old soldier with stately condescension; and after formally expressing his gratitude for the services rendered to his niece, assured him that he would at once settle a handsome annuity on him; but Carmencita eagerly interrupted him.

" My dear uncle," said she, " you must allow me to remind you, that

there are some services which money cannot recompense, and amongst them are those which Matthew Lenormand has rendered to me. Do not, I entreat of you, speak to him of an annuity, but allow me, for the remainder of his life, to make some return for the love and care which he lavished on my infancy."

"Your sentiments do you honour," rejoined her uncle, "but you must recollect that you are now called on to assume an elevated position in society, and that a great difference must exist between you and this worthy man; on reflection you will see—"

"I can only see that I should be unworthy of an exalted rank if I were capable of ingratitude. When

I was poor and deserted, Matthew saved and cherished me; and now that our relative positions have changed — now that he is old and poor, while I am rich and noble, am I to consider my obligations discharged, because I give him a little money to keep him from starving? No, dear uncle; rank has its obligations, and as you are about to restore me to mine, I am sure you will not prevent me from fulfilling the duties which it entails on me. If wealth and station could only be purchased by abandoning my best friend, I would gladly relinquish them, and spend my life in obscurity, in order that I might repay him, in his old age, some of the care and

tenderness which he lavished on me in my childhood."

"My dear young lady," interrupted the old man, in a voice broken by sobs, "you must allow me to speak to you. I did not know, until now, that you had turned out to be a great lady, or I would not have come here to be an obstacle to your happiness. Let me leave you now, and I will only ask one favour—that you will let me come to see you sometimes, when you are quite alone, and when I can talk to you about the old time when misfortune placed us on an equality, and when the smiles of my little Pearl made up to me for every privation I endured—let me only see you, and hear your voice now and then, and I shall be

quite satisfied ; and day and night I will pray for the welfare and happiness of my darling child."

Even the formal Spaniard was moved to tears by these simple and affectionate words. He turned to his niece, and kissing her forehead, desired her to make any arrangement she thought proper for the future comfort of the old man, as he would offer no further opposition to her wishes.

Two years elapsed, and a great festival was held at the Tuileries, in honour of the marriage of the young Spanish heiress, who was about to bestow her hand on one of the most illustrious nobles of the French court.

The royal chapel was filled with the beauty and fashion of the metropolis, and princes and nobles, covered with decorations, crowded round the beautiful and richly-dressed bride.

But at her right hand there stood, during the ceremony, an old man, wearing the cross of the Legion of Honour. His simple attire contrasted strangely with the glittering uniforms that surrounded him. But happiness beamed on his aged countenance, and tears of joy stole down his cheeks, as he gave away his beloved Carmencita to the noble bridegroom.

She remained by his side during the day, and although, at first, he felt strange and timid amongst the

illustrious guests of royalty, he soon recovered his self-possession, and was able to reply gravely and politely to the compliments paid him by all who had been made acquainted with his previous history.

It is almost needless to add, that Carmencita's gratitude was enduring —that Matthew Lenormand resided with her and her noble husband, from whom he received the respect and affection of a son — and that in a few years he was surrounded by laughing children, who called him “grandfather,” and who, in the winter evenings, would gather round his chair, to hear the story of “The Pearl of the Forty-fifth.”

THE
GRATITUDE OF JOSEPHINE
FOUNDED ON FACT.

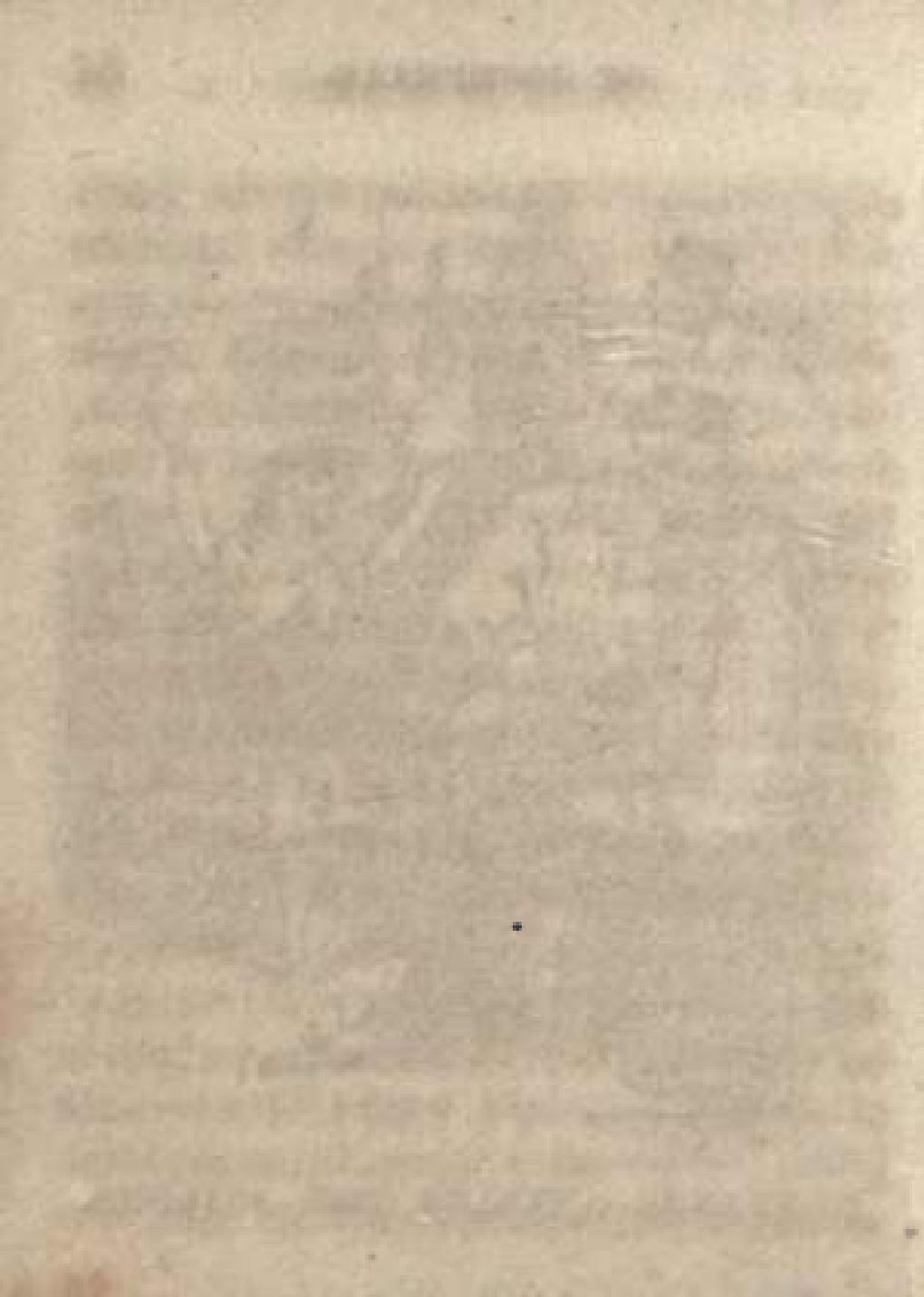
TOWARDS the close of the last century, when the horrors of the first French Revolution had nearly reached their height, the French merchant ship, *La Fidélité*, sailed from Martinique, having on board, amongst other passengers, the wife of the Vicomte de Beauharnais — then president of the National Assembly of France — and her young daughter, Hortense. Separated from her husband, whose coldness and

neglect had been a source of bitter suffering to her, and reduced, by the troubled state of the times, to the verge of destitution, Madame de Beauharnais was now determined on again visiting France, for the purpose of compelling her husband to make such a settlement on her and her children as should, at least, place them above want. Her son Eugene was, at the time of which we write, pursuing his studies in Paris; and the only companion of her voyage was the little Hortense, a lovely and interesting creature of about eight or nine years of age. Being the only child on board, the little girl soon became the pet and plaything of the crew. Gifted with a quick ear, and a voice naturally

sweet, Hortense had, during her stay amongst the negroes, picked up several of their simple melodies, which she now sang, to the delight and amusement of the sailors, accompanying them with the wild dances and agile movements peculiar to the natives of the West Indian Islands. Poor child! she little dreamed that the sweet voice then exercised beneath the blue sky of heaven, before no more distinguished audience than a few rough seamen, was destined, at no very distant period, to awake the echoes of the regal hall, amidst the plaudits of admiring courtiers. Her mother, believing that poverty and hardship lay before them, could not bring herself to intercept the one ray of



HORTENSE AMUSING THE SAILORS.



sunshine which beamed on the path of her darling, and permitted her to remain on deck as long as she pleased, and to amuse herself in her own childish way, confiding her, however, to the especial care of the first mate, Baptiste Ferrand—an honest, weather-beaten tar, who, from the beginning of the voyage, had taken her under his protection, and when his avocations did not interfere, was constantly by her side.

When tired of dancing, Hortense would seat herself, with the old sailor, on a coil of rope; and while the scarcely perceptible breeze, laden with the thousand perfumes of tropical shores, wafted the vessel gently over the calm blue waters, would listen attentively to his ac-

count of the many wonderful things he had seen in his voyages, and of the perils he had encountered by land and sea. Sometimes, he would tell her of the little children he had left in Provence; and his eyes would fill with tears while speaking of his favourite and youngest born—the little Louise—who was, he told her, about her own age; and who, when he had last seen her, was just beginning to prattle.

So passed the long days and glorious nights of the early part of the voyage: but soon a morning of sorrow dawned on poor Hortense. She found that her shoes—the only pair she possessed in the world—were fast wearing out, and that a few more days of her joyous dancing were all

to which she could look forward. She kept this, for some time, a secret from her mother, who would, she felt sure, forbid her going on deck, if she knew, the truth. But, at length, Madame de Beauharnais, perceiving that the child's foot was bleeding, insisted on seeing it; and found the shoes literally falling off, and the poor little feet bruised in several places, and freshly torn by a nail. The grief of the mother almost equalled that of the child. She could not bear to think that the little creature should be, during the remainder of the voyage, confined to a close cabin, where her health and spirits must inevitably suffer from want of air and accustomed exercise. But what could she do?

There was no remedy for it. While she sat, in a desponding attitude, with the little old shoes in her hand, and Hortense weeping by her side, a knock was heard at the cabin door. It was Baptiste, who had missed his little favourite, and had come to seek her. He inquired the cause of her tears, and on being told the truth, exclaimed—“Is that all? Cheer up, little woman! We’ll have you all right again, soon. You’ll be singing and dancing as well as ever to-morrow—if your mamma isn’t too proud to take a present from an old sailor!”

He left the cabin, but soon returned with an old pair of shoes, which he had brought to light from the depths of his capacious sea-chest. “You

see, madame," said he, "they are very old, but that can't be helped. People are never over particular at sea. I hope the leather won't be too stiff for her little feet. Now, if you'll lend me a pair of scissors, I'll have them cut out for you in less than no time."

It was strange enough to see the rough-looking tar handling the delicate scissors of Madame de Beauharnais, and, with them, cutting the upper-leathers of his old shoes to the size of Hortense's little feet. This done, he gave them to the lady, desiring her to bind them with a piece of ribbon or tape, and took the soles away. In the evening he returned with soles and inner soles ready cut, and, with his assistance,

the parts were soon put together, and Hortense once more equipped for a race on deck. This little incident only made her value more highly the liberty she enjoyed during the remainder of the voyage, and the friendship between her and Baptiste became stronger than ever.

But at length they arrived in France, and, amidst the horrors of the Revolution — the pressure of pecuniary distress — the execution of her husband — and her own escape from death, Madame de Beauharnais ceased to think of her voyage in *La Fidélité*, and also of Baptiste Ferrand.

* * * * *

We must now pass over a period of eighteen years, the events of which must be familiar as “house-

hold words" to our readers, and, in the spring of 1808, we find Madame de Beauharnais, now the Empress Josephine, accompanying the mighty conqueror of Europe in his progress through France. And poor Hortense—where was she? Did she never regret the days of her poverty and obscurity, or wish to exchange her queenly state and regal robes for the ragged attire and the merry heart of the young passenger in *La Fidélité*?

Napoleon and the Empress arrived at Bordeaux, where they were received with all honours; the vessels in the harbour were decked with flags, and fired minute guns, which were answered from the fort. It happened that the horses of the im-

perial carriage, terrified at the noise of the guns, became restive, and the leaders, in their efforts to free themselves, knocked down an old man who was standing near the edge of the pathway, leaning on the arm of a young female. The speed of the horses was quickly checked, and the Emperor and Empress reached their destination without further accident; but the anxiety of Josephine was so great that, although repeatedly assured of the old man's safety, she insisted on seeing him herself, in order to ascertain that he had received no injury. Being quite blind, he was led into the saloon by his daughter, a very interesting-looking young woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age. The Em-

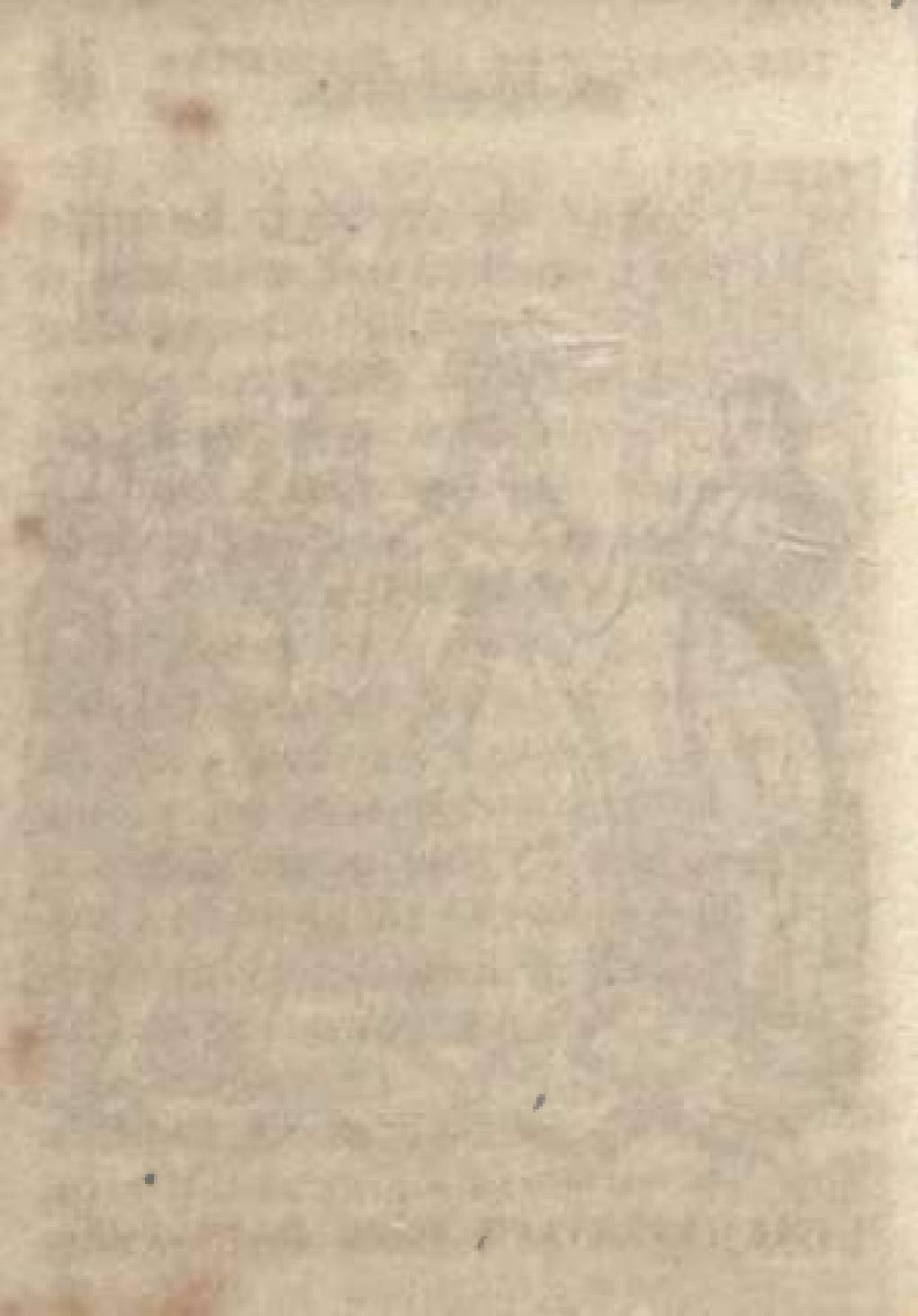
press immediately recognised in her poor and infirm visitor the former mate of *La Fidélité*, and, addressing him by name, recalled to his recollection the voyage which, eighteen years before, she and her daughter had made in his company. The astonishment of the old man may be better imagined than described. He had little thought that the mighty Empress, whose gorgeous equipage and prancing steeds had well nigh crushed him in the dust, was the same whom he had years before assisted in an hour of need; and for many minutes he stood like one in a dream, unable to convince himself of the truth of what he heard. At length, encouraged by the kindness of Josephine, he told her that his

wife and all his children, except the one now with him, had fallen victims to a malignant fever; that, in consequence of his sight gradually failing, he had been obliged to relinquish his calling, and that, being now quite blind, he was only saved from the, to him, fearful alternative of begging his bread, by the exertions of his daughter, who contrived, by taking in needlework, to earn a scanty pittance for their support.

While he was yet speaking, Napoleon entered the room, and the Empress herself, leading Baptiste towards him, presented him as the person to whom she was indebted for the most valuable gift she had ever received. The Emperor, whose temper was just then chafed by some evidence of disloyalty which he had



THE INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON.



perceived in passing through the town, replied sternly that he supposed she wished to jest with him.

"No, sire," replied Josephine; "I repeat, that no gift I have ever received, even from your own imperial hand, has equalled in value a pair of old shoes once presented to me by this honest sailor."

She then, with the grace and amiability peculiar to her, related what had occurred on board of *La Fidélité*. The recital drew tears from the eyes of the ladies-in-waiting, and provoked from the Emperor an immoderate fit of laughter, which dispelled the clouds gathering on his brow.

With Napoleon's consent, Baptiste and his only remaining child — the little Louise of former days — were

removed to Paris, where the old man was placed under the care of M. Horeau, physician to the Empress. His disease was found to be cataract, which, in proper time, was removed by an operation; and he lived for several years after as park-keeper at Malmaison. On his death, which took place a short time before that of his benefactress, Louise was taken into the service of Queen Hortense, who treated her with the greatest consideration and kindness. Exempt, like her illustrious mother, from every feeling of false pride, that amiable queen would frequently say to her *protégée*, that one of the happiest periods of her chequered life was that during which she had danced on the deck of *La Fidélité*, in Baptiste Ferrand's old shoes.

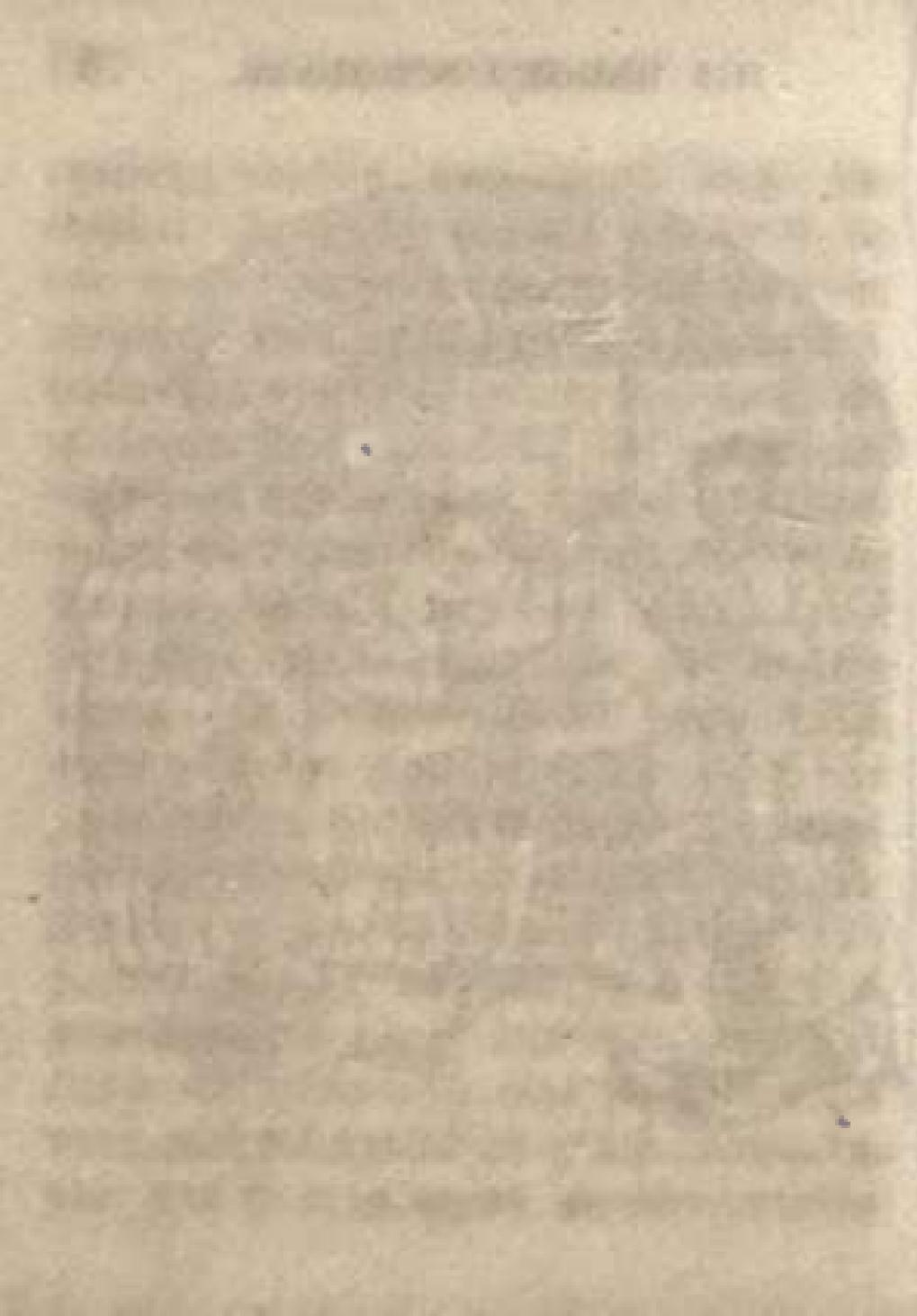
JOHN POUNDS AND HIS RAG-
GED SCHOLARS;
OR,
THE COBBLER'S EXPERIMENT.

THERE is occasionally a print to be seen in the windows of booksellers, which, we venture to say, tells a more instructive tale, and will continue to possess a greater interest in the eyes of all who love their kind, than any of the most costly pictures ever painted in Italy. Yet it is but a homely if not a vulgar thing, representing a poor cobbler sitting in a bare room mending shoes, and surrounded by a number of squalid and ragged urchins, male and female,

reading books and pencilling on slates. It requires but a glance to see that the cobbler is the master-spirit of this strange camp of young outcasts, and that he is actuated by motives and feelings not always found in the face of a paid dominie —the expression of his rugged countenance being that of kindness, enlivened by a smile of grotesque humor, as if he were in the act of telling them some queer story to please and reconcile them to their tasks. There is no tawse or strap, where leather is the staple of the place, no chair of authority, nor any corresponding fear of punishment or rigid constraint in the pupils, who seem as cheerful as the starling perched in a cage on the wall—not



THE SCHOOL.



the least successful or least noisy pupil of them all—taught as it has been by the same master.

The cobbler in the picture is John Pounds, who was born at Portsmouth on the 17th June, 1766. His father was by trade a sawyer, employed in the Royal Dock Yard, who was enabled to get his son, when twelve years of age, entered in the same yard as an apprentice shipwright. After having served three years, he met with a serious accident, which altered the future course of his life. He fell into a dry dock, whereby he got one of his thighs broken, and the limb besides put out of joint, and otherwise received so much injury as to render him ever afterwards a cripple. When his

general health was restored so far as it could be under such a misfortune, he might have been re-entered in some humble capacity consistent with the diminished powers of his maimed body, and in due time entitled to a superannuation with a small pension; but some new regulations having at that time been made which were not liked by the workmen, John, by the advice of his master, preferred trying to do what he could for himself in some other, however humble way, and he accordingly placed himself under the instruction of an old shoemaker in the High Street of Portsmouth.

In his new capacity John was a sample of regularity and industry, but his genius was not for making

shoes, for he never could get beyond the art of mere mending, or as it is more expressively called, cobbling. His earnings were accordingly so small that for a long time he was unable to maintain himself—and so was obliged to accept the kindness of a relation who accommodated him with a room in his own house. Even when his earnings became more adequate to his simple wants, he could not venture on doing more on his own account than becoming the tenant of a small weather-beaten tenement in St. Mary Street. There all his future years were spent, and the passers-by became accustomed to the sight of the honest cobbler, seated on his stool and surrounded by a number of caged birds—those

never-failing because indispensable companions of solitary workmen, and shoemakers in particular.

It is not unlikely that John would have remained contented with these companions, who, in the absence of children of his own — and his ambition never pointed in that elevated direction—might have been sufficient to exercise his genius for instruction, and satisfy his yearning for “teaching the young idea how to shoot.” It happened, however, in 1818, that being a single man, as he continued through life to be, his kindness, poor though he was, induced him to take upon himself the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother, who was a seafaring man. He was the more inclined to this, that

the boy was a feeble little creature with his feet overlapping each other and turned inwards. He promised to be a greater cripple than his uncle, but John was a man of ingenuity and a great experimenter, notwithstanding of his inability to arrive at the higher stages of his own art, and having seen two iron pattens which an eminent surgeon had supplied to a neighboring boy much in the same condition as his poor nephew, he contrived, by fastening together in some peculiar way the soles of old shoes and books, to imitate the surgeon's device, and by this means he succeeded in effectually curing the boy of his lameness. The grateful child, whom he had saved from a distortion which would have inca-

pacitated him for active life, became the object of his care and affection ever afterwards; he reared him, when the time came put him as an apprentice to a fashionable shoemaker, and they lived in great mutual affection together to the end of his days.

But in the midst of his care for the boy, and the instruction which he daily communicated to him, he could not relinquish his older companions the birds. He rather increased their numbers and doubled their lessons, which he varied according to the species and capacity of his feathered scholars, among whom there were jays, starlings, and parrots, all chosen for their natural inclination to receive in-

struction. These he succeeded so well in domesticating that they would play about the room in perfect good fellowship with the cats and guinea pigs that sometimes formed a part of his establishment. Passers-by have often seen a canary on the one shoulder and a cat on the other, while others of the tribe showed at once the powers of the pedagogue and their own aptitude in snatches of song, repetitions of scraps of wit, multitudinous calls, all mingled together, but very intelligible to the master-spirit, who at once ruled them and attended to his proper business. In after years, when his irrepressible bias towards instruction took a turn in the direction of another species of scholars, John

kept fewer of this kind of stock: the last of his talking birds was a renowned starling which he presented to the lady of Sir Philip H. Durham, then Port-Admiral, in testimony of his gratitude for her goodness in supplying some of the necessities of his human flock, to be afterwards noticed, and of the Admiral's kindness in getting them entered on board ship.

It will thus have been seen that John Pounds had long been a schoolmaster before he bethought himself of being the teacher of his little nephew, when he arrived at about five years of age. He had seen, too, that his feathered disciples got best on in their learning by the help of each other; and the idea was as



JOHN POUNDS AT WORK.

natural as it was just, that his boy would make greater progress if he had a companion. He accordingly first obtained one, then added another and another, till he began to find so much pleasure in the employment, that he resolved to extend his scheme much farther. We like here to be particular in recording the fact, that the first, properly speaking, "ragged scholar," was the son of a poor woman who went about selling puddings, and whose homeless child, unable to accompany her, was left in the open street, often in the midst of frost and snow, with no other shelter than the overhanging shade of a bay window. This was merely a sample of hundreds no better provided for, who daily haunted that

populous district. They were necessarily poor and necessarily ignorant ; and if it ever happened that, in these times, when beggary showed itself and was recognized as a regular order in society, a passer-by deigned a glance at these outcasts, it was only to throw a penny to them ; and the pride of giving it was enough, without any thoughts of the condition of their minds. It was a favourite idea of the ancients, derived from the school of Plato, that the soul was truly the man — the body being a mere crust, or case—a view which, though lost sight of in the dark ages, might have been expected to be brought up again on the revival of learning ; yet, up to the time of John Pounds, the cobbler, the idea

seems to have been lost sight of, in so far at least as the elevation of the minds of the poor were concerned, while their bodies were consigned to the tender mercies of the poor law. Whether John Pounds thus meditated or not, it is certain he felt for the condition of untutored minds; and it was this feeling, perhaps only of pity, which sent him out among the beggars of Portsmouth to wile them into his room. Becoming fonder and fonder of his good work, he gradually increased the numbers of these strange scholars, until he came to have more than his room would accommodate.

We have an account preserved of this, at that time, most uncommon exhibition. His workshop was about

six feet wide and eighteen in length. His cobbler's stool was placed in the middle, where he sat with his last or lapstone on his knee, and his other implements by his side. He plied his work at the same time that he acted the part of a schoolmaster. At one time some would be reading by his side, at another spelling, at another showing their copies, at another writing to his dictation, or getting their sums proved; while all round sat the mass of learners, sometimes amounting to as many as forty, on forms or boxes, or the steps of a small stair-case in the rear, or, in the want of such conveniences, on the floor. So small indeed was the place, that the scene, when all were assembled, seemed to an observer

from without to be a mere huddled crowd of children's heads ; yet, however confused they might appear to others, John seemed to know where to look for each urchin, and always to be able to maintain a due command over all without parting with his good nature and genial humor. Then, when the weather permitted, he made them take turns of sitting on the threshold of his front door, and on a little form outside, for the benefit of the sun and fresh air.

His modes of teaching were chiefly of his own devising ; for he had never heard of the German system, either of Pestalozzi or others. For a time his chief difficulty lay in getting books, and he was often reduced to have recourse to handbills,

or whatever scattered leaves of old school manuals came in his way. In the absence of any of these, necessity led him to the system of interrogation, whereby he made his pupils explain whatever seemed to him to be useful to be known, and then, in their turn, again they would be set to the bills, leaves, books, or slates, as these came to be unemployed,—the whole being necessarily a system of make-shift, with considerable avidity in the children, and unbroken good temper in the master.

It is remarkable how, getting them by solicitation, and treating them with kindness, he preserved command, yet it is certain he did. With the very young, especially, his man-

ner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of the body, make them spell the words, and describe the uses. Thus, taking a child's hand, he would ask, "What is this? Spell it;" then, slapping it good humouredly, "What do I do? Spell it." So with the ear, in the act of pulling it, and in like manner with other things. With the older ones he could be more strict, and even grave, as he found the necessity of subduing. In this way he taught them reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic, the last exercise going as far as the "rule of three."

Owing to the limited extent of his room, he ultimately found it necessary to make a selection, and in

such cases always preferred, and prided himself in taking "the little blackguards" and taming them. He has been known to follow some "hopeful hopeless" to the Town Quay, and hold out to him in his hand, as a bribe, a roasted potato, so as to induce him to come to school. Nor did he limit his teaching to what are called school subjects; he combined with these the elements of an industrial training. He taught many of the boys to cook their own plain food, and to mend their own shoes; sent them to Sunday schools to get religious instruction, and in order to encourage them, and enable them to make a creditable appearance there, procured, with the aid of friends, clo-

thing, which they put on in his house on Sunday morning, and restored to him in the evening. Besides being schoolmaster, he was both doctor and nurse to his little flock, cured their chilblains, healed the cuts and bruises to which poor children are so often exposed, and in cases beyond his skill and means, procured for them medical advice. Besides, in their games, he was not only master of the sports, but contriver and maker of their playthings, for, Jack of all trades, he was an adept in bats, balls, cross-bows, and shuttle-cocks.

In this way some hundreds of poor children, who might otherwise have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime, came

to be indebted to John Pounds for all the education they ever received, and which enabled them to fill useful and creditable situations in life. Much of this took place without the public attention having been arrested by his unostentatious proceedings, for the independence of his spirit prevented him from seeking the aid of others. But more lately, in consequence of his having applied for and obtained for his pupils admission into the Sunday school of High Street chapel, his merits became better known. He soon obtained a better supply of books and slates, and several times the whole of his little flock were invited to a public examination at Chapel school-room, where they were regaled with

tea and plum cake. They were even included in the public dinner on the occasion of her Majesty's coronation ; the few of the very young who were excluded being provided for by himself at home—so careful was he that their feelings should not be hurt by the better fortune of their companions. Such success, for which perhaps he never looked, was sufficient for the ambition of this simple-hearted man. It is recorded that a young lady once said to him, "O, Mr. Pounds, I wish you were rich, you would do so much good." The now old man paused a little, and then replied, " Well, I don't know; if I had been rich, I might perhaps have been much the same as other rich people. This I

know, there is not now a happier man in England than John Pounds, and I think it is best as it is." And yet this happy John Pounds did not know and never knew that his name would be a famous one, and connected in all time with the history of a new era in education, and the development of a duty due by the rich to the poor, which, up to his time, had been overlooked and selfishly neglected.

On Christmas eve of 1839, as was his custom, he carried to a female relative the materials of a plum-pudding, to be made for distribution among the children. On that occasion he declared that he was never happier in his life; that he had no earthly want unsatisfied,—express-

ing at the same time, in words quite characteristic of him as a bird-fancier, that when he should be no longer able to support himself by his own industry, and continue to do some good in the world, he might be permitted to go off suddenly, "as a bird drops from its perch." A few days afterwards, on the morning of the 1st of January, he went to the house of Edward Carter, Esq., in the High Street, to acknowledge some acts of kindness received from that gentleman. It happened that he saw there the picture drawn by Mr. Sheaf of his school, lately purchased by that gentleman, and he expressed more pleasure at finding his favorite cat holding a prominent place in it, than at any other

part of the piece. Perhaps he was more affected by the picture than he wished to acknowledge; at any rate, he had just received back from Mr. Carter a slate which he had exhibited to him, containing the exercise of one of his pupils, named Ashton (standing by his side), for whom he had solicited some aid towards the cure of the little fellow's foot, when he suddenly fell down. Mr. Martel, the surgeon, who only a little time before had congratulated him on his apparent good health, was immediately called; but John Pounds was dead. He had indeed died "as a bird drops from its perch."

Meantime, at home, about thirty of the children had assembled, won-

dering what had become of their beloved tutor. "Here comes Ashton," cried some of them; "Mr. Pounds will be here soon." "Ah!" cried the little fellow, as he came up, "Mr. Pounds is dead." The words struck dismay, and reached the ear of the nephew in the upper room. He hastened down, saw the dead body of his uncle carried in, and immediately fainted; nor was it till after some time that he became fully sensible of the great loss he had sustained, as he looked on that fixed and placid countenance which had so often been lighted up by love for his adopted son, and cheerfulness to all. The abode of contented and peaceful frugality had become, on a sudden, a scene of desolation.

The two had made provision that day for what was to them a luxurious repast. On the little mantel-piece remained the envied mug, full of sprats, on which they were to have regaled themselves in honour of the new year. The children were overwhelmed; some of them came to the door next day, and cried bitterly because they could not be admitted; and for several succeeding days the younger ones, two and three together, came and looked about the room, when, not finding their instructor, friend, and companion, they went away, sobbing and disconsolate.

His remains were interred, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 8d of January, 1839, in the burying-

ground of High Street Chapel, by the Rev. Henry Hawkes, B. A. It was felt to be a solemn occasion. The clergyman impressively called on the numerous assemblage, as they stood around the grave, with the pupils in the midst of them, to cherish the memory and imitate the example of this good man, by doing good according to their ability. On the following evening he delivered a funeral sermon from Matt. vi. 3, 4 : — “ When thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret, and thy father, who seeth in secret, will reward thee openly.” A small marble tablet to his memory has been erected on the wall of High Street Chapel, where

of late years he had mostly attended,
with this inscription: —

ERECTED BY FRIENDS,
AS A MEMORIAL OF THEIR ESTEEM AND RESPECT
FOR
JOHN POUNDS;
WHO, WHILE EARNING HIS LIVELIHOOD
BY MENDING SHOES, GRATUITOUSLY EDUCATED,
AND IN PART CLOTHED AND FED,
SOME HUNDREDS OF POOR CHILDREN.
He died suddenly on the 1st of January, 1839,
AGED LXXII YEARS.

"THOU SHALT BE BLESSED: FOR THEY
CANNOT RECOMPENSE THEE."

Such was the end of the inventor of
ragged schools.

"It is rather curious," says Dr. Guthrie, "at least it is interesting to me (I don't know that it may be to others), that it was by a picture I was at first led to take an interest in ragged schools — by a picture in an old, obscure, decaying burgh that stands on the shores of the Firth of Forth. I had gone thither with a companion on a pilgrimage; not that there was any beauty about the place, for it has no beauty. It has little trade. Its deserted harbour, and silent streets, and old houses, some of them nodding to their fall, bore all the marks of decay. But one circumstance has redeemed it from obscurity, and will preserve its name to the latest ages — it was the birth-place of Thomas

Chalmers. I went to see this place many years ago, and going into an inn for refreshment, I found the room covered with pictures of shepherdesses with their crooks, and sailors in holiday attire, not particularly interesting. But above the chimney-piece there stood a large print, more respectable than its neighbours, which some skipper,—the captain of one of the few ships which now trade between that once busy port and England,—had probably brought to the town. It represented a cobbler's room. The cobbler was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees, that massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character; and from be-

neath his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a number of poor ragged boys and girls who stood at their lessons around the busy cobbler. My curiosity was awakened, and in the inscription I read how this man, John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the multitude of poor ragged children left by ministers and magistrates, and ladies and gentlemen, to go to ruin on the streets, — how, like a good shepherd, he gathered in these wretched outcasts, — how he had trained them to God and to the world,—and how, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery, and saved to society, not less than 500 of these children. I felt

ashamed of myself. I felt reproved for the little I had done. My feelings were touched. I was astonished at this man's achievements; and I well remember, in the enthusiasm of the moment, saying to my companion,—and I have seen in my calmer and cooler moments no reason for unsaying the saying, —‘That man's an honour to humanity, and deserves the tallest monument ever raised within the shores of Britain.’ I took up that man's history, for I found it afterwards animated by the spirit of Him who had ‘compassion on the multitude.’ John Pounds was a clever man besides, and, like Paul, if he could not win a poor boy any other way, he won him by guile. He would be seen chasing a ragged



POUNDS INDUCING THE BOYS TO COME
TO SCHOOL.



boy along the quays, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but by the power of a potato. When the day comes when honour will be done to whom honour is due, I can fancy the crowd of those whose fame poets have sung, and to whose memory monuments have been raised, dividing like a wave, and passing the great, and the noble, and the mighty of the land, this poor, obscure old man stepping forward and receiving the especial notice of Him who said, ‘Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it also to me.’”

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD.

ONE evening in the month of July, 1525, a child about ten years old, badly dressed, and with bare feet, was driving a flock of sheep across a plain in Picardy. Young as he was, his countenance was grave and pale, and his large dark eyes were intently fixed on a book, which he held open in his hand; while, but for the watchful care of a dog that accompanied him, his fleecy charge might have strayed in every direction without his being conscious of it. He walked slowly on, still looking at his book, until, as he was passing a cottage, a voice

from its door recalled him from his abstraction.

"What, Pierre, are you going to pass by your old friend Louison without saying good evening?"

These words were spoken by an old woman who was spinning at the threshold.

"No, good Louison," replied the boy with a very serious air; "I intended to call and embrace you."

"How say you that, Pierre!" said the old woman. "One would think you were going away, and that we were never to see you again."

"I hope, whenever I see you, to find you well and happy," replied the child.

"And always ready to share my luncheon with my little Pierre, who

on Sunday has the kindness to come and read prayers for me, since I have become too feeble to go to church myself. Here, Pierre, take this nice little white loaf which the baker gave me this morning, and these fresh nuts—and stay, put this in your pocket. What's the child afraid of?—'tis only a silver six-pence. Ah, Pierre, you have fine eyes, and a large high forehead. Do you know I often think you are not destined to keep sheep all your life: something tells me you will be a great man one of these days. Still one thing puzzles me: if you remain here in this village of St. Gobain, how are you ever to become great? — a man whom every one will talk of and say, ‘Do you know that he

was once little Ramée, the son of La Ramée the charcoal-burner, and Calinette his wife ? ”

“ Indeed, Louison, I don’t think I shall remain long at St. Gobain. Who knows? — better days may come; and then,” added he, throwing his little caressing arms round the old woman’s neck, “ when you don’t see me here will you pray to God for me? Farewell, dear Louison, I shall never forget you.”

“ Why, what do you mean by that, Pierre? — Pierrot! ”

But Pierre was already out of hearing; and having overtaken his sheep, drove them towards a farmhouse which stood at some distance, surrounded by piles of charcoal. On his way he stopped at an old oak-

tree, and climbing the lower branches, he placed in a deep hollow among them the bread, the nuts, and the silver coin which Louison had given him. As he was getting down, he felt his leg grasped by a powerful hand.

"Ah, little robber of bird's-nests, have I caught you?" said a loud good-natured voice.

"Oh, Richard, is that you?" said Pierre. "You startled me: I thought at first it was my father."

"Your father came home long ago; and when your mother went to the fold, she found a very sorry account of her sheep."

"Oh, my mother won't be very angry."

"Yes, but that's not all," replied

Richard ; “ while she was looking for the sheep, she found something else —a book!—and you never saw such a fuss as she made about it.”

“ I hope she will give me back my book,” said Pierre, speaking more to himself than to his father’s servant.

As he entered the house, after putting up the sheep, his mother met him, and said coldly, “ Go in : your father wants to speak to you.”

A rough-looking man was seated at a table laid for supper, his eyes were fixed on the fire, and his hand rested on the book found in the sheepfold.

“ Husband, here is Pierre.”

La Ramée looked up. “ What has happened to keep you so late ? ”

“ Nothing, father.”

"To whom does this book belong?"

"To me, father."

"Who gave it you?"

"I did, sir," said Richard; "I gave him money to buy it."

"And what do you with it, child?" asked his father.

"I read it, father."

"You read it!" cried his father and mother together; "and where did you learn to read?"

"I taught him," said Richard. "The little fellow did me a service one day, and I returned it by doing him another."

"A fine service truly!" said Calinette.

"If this child is ruined, Richard, we shall have you to thank for it. Teach him to read! Did any one

ever hear such folly? Perhaps you have taught him to write too?"

"Alas, I can't do that myself, mistress!" replied Richard.

"That's fortunate, I'm sure; and I should like to know what good will learning ever do him?"

"That's not the question, wife," said La Ramée: "certainly, if I could, I should like to have him instructed; but poverty is a sad thing."

"Oh, indeed it is," said Pierre with a deep sigh. Then taking courage, he added, "However, father, if you would ——"

"Send you to school, I suppose you mean?" interrupted his father. "You know I have not the means; I can't afford to feed idle mouths."

"Here is your supper," said his

mother, giving him a basin of soup and a bit of brown bread.

"May I have my book?" asked Pierre, taking his supper with one hand and extending the other towards his father.

The latter handed it to him, and asked, "Who wrote this book?"

"Jean de Roly," replied Pierre.

"Who was that priest?" asked his mother, as she continued to help the soup.

"He was one of the most eloquent orators of the last century, mother," replied the child. "He was chancellor and archdeacon of the church of Nôtre-Dame in Paris. *He* knew how to read and to write too," added Pierre with a sigh; "so that in 1461, when parliament sent a remonstrance

to Louis XI., it was he who composed it. Afterwards in 1483, the clergy of Paris sent him to the assembly of the States-General at Tours, where he spoke of the suppression of abuses. Charles VIII., the son of Louis XI., and the father of our present king, Louis XIII., was so much pleased with him, that he appointed him his almoner, and kept him at court."

"There, there, that will do," cried Calinette.

"You see now *I* was the means of teaching all that to the little fellow," said Richard proudly.

"Fine things I'm sure to teach him! Go to bed, Master Wiseacre," added she, giving her son a slight push — "go and look for your *Jean Joly!*"

"Jean de Roly, mother; and I can't go look for him, because he died twenty-six years ago."

"But for that, I suppose you'd go to him and all the grand people in Paris; and you, forsooth, the son of a charcoal-burner in Picardy!"

"My father certainly burns charcoal," said Pierre, in a low tone; "and yet he has gentle blood in his veins."

"And you think yourself a gentleman, I suppose?" said his mother.

"Oh," cried the boy, "I care not for rank or wealth; all I want is to gain knowledge!"

"Well, go to bed and dream that you have it, and it will be all the same thing."

"Good-night, mother; good-night,

father; good-night, Richard ; ” said Pierre, and went to sleep in the stable among his sheep.

The next morning, when Pierre prepared as usual to take out his flock for the day, he paused on the threshold of his father’s cottage, and turning back, said, “ Kiss me, mother.”

“ What for, child ? ” replied Calinette.

“ Old Louison says,” replied Pierre, “ that we never know when we may die. If you were never to see me again — ”

“ What strange ideas the boy has ! ” said his mother, giving him a hearty kiss. “ There, Pierrot ; ‘ tis time for you to go.”

An hour afterwards, Pierre, having

led his flock to their accustomed pasture, commended them to the care of his faithful dog, and turned his steps towards the Paris road. Something in his heart reproached him for leaving his parents, and told him that an enterprize commenced against their wishes could not prosper; but the boy tried to stifle the uneasy feeling, and walked on, carrying a stick and a bundle containing a change of clothes, a few books, and the provision given him by old Louison.

He had not gone far when he saw Richard coming towards him.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

"I can't tell you, Richard; for if they should ask you at home, I



THE LITTLE SHEPHERD.



want you to be able to say you do not know."

"I guess it, child — you're going to leave us;" and the old servant's voice faltered as he spoke.

"Richard," said the child, bursting into tears, "dear Richard, don't betray me. You taught me to read; that was like opening the gate of a beautiful garden, and now I want to enter and taste the fruit. I am going to Paris."

"Without your father's permission?"

"Yes; you know if I had asked him, he would have refused. I shall never forget you, Richard; and when I am learned and happy"— He could say no more; but dashing away the tears that blinded him,

was some distance on his way before Richard turned slowly towards home.

That evening there was sad consternation in the farmhouse when the sheep returned under the sole escort of Loulou the dog.

"Pierre! Pierre! — where is Pierre?" resounded on all sides.

Richard alone sat silently in a corner, praying God to protect the little traveller.

After much fatigue, Pierre la Ramée at length reached Paris. While passing through the country, he was kindly received, lodged and fed by the peasants, so that he had no occasion to spend the few sous he possessed. But it was different in the great city; there he was obliged to purchase a piece of bread, and

having eaten it, to seek a lodgings where he best could. The covered entrance to the market afforded a tolerable shelter ; and there, with a stone for a pillow, Pierre managed to sleep soundly. Next morning he was awoke early by the noise of the town ; and, seeing a number of children going towards a school, he followed them to the gate. They entered, and he remained standing alone. His heart beat fast, and taking courage, he knocked at the gate.

The porter opened it. “ What do you want ? ”

“ I want to enter and listen to what is going on,” replied the little stranger with simplicity.

“ Who are you ? ”

"A poor child come on foot from his own village to acquire learning."

"Can you pay for admission?"

"Alas! I have nothing in the world."

"Then I advise you to go back as quickly as you can," said the porter, shutting the door in his face.

Still the child was not discouraged; he sat down on the step. "The children," he thought, "will soon be coming out: perhaps one of them will take pity on me."

He waited patiently until the great gate opened, and the scholars, leaping and shouting for joy, rushed out tumultuously. No one minded poor Pierre; and he might have remained quite unnoticed, had he not started forward to raise a little boy whose foot had tripped against a stone.

"Are you hurt, little master?" asked Pierre.

"No, thank you," replied the child, and passed on.

Fancy the despair of poor little La Ramée when he found himself once more alone before that large green gate, which seemed resolved never to admit him. Still he waited until the pupils returned; and as the child who had fallen passed by, he saluted him.

"Master," said Pierre, advancing.

"Here," said the child, offering him a piece of money.

"It is not that," said Pierre, drawing back his hand.

"What, then?" asked the pupil with surprise.

"Lend me one of your books,

little master: I will return it when you come out."

"What good will that do you?" said the child, greatly astonished.

"Oh, a great deal; it will make me very happy."

"Here, then," said the pupil, giving him the first book that came to hand

It was a Latin grammar. Pierre opened it, and turned over the leaves without being able to comprehend a sentence. When its little owner came out, Pierre returned it to him with a sigh. "To-morrow I will lend you a French book," said the child, and he kept his word.

But in this world reading and learning are not all-sufficient; it is necessary likewise to eat: and in

order to do this, however sparingly, Pierre was obliged by degrees to sell part of his clothes, and yet sleep in the open air. Hunger and misery produced their usual effects, and the poor child felt that his frame was sinking.

"This," thought he, "is a just punishment from God for having left home without my parents' permission. Oh my poor mother! I have caused you grief enough without adding to it the anguish of hearing one day that your son died far from you without your blessing, or hearing you say that you forgave him. My God, give me strength to go home!"

The prayer was heard. Some time afterwards Pierre once more entered

his native fields, feeling that he had done very wrong, and deserved punishment, yet full of trust in his parents' affection.

Richard was the first to see Pierre. He rather guessed it was he than recognized him; for the poor child was so altered, so pale and thin, that he looked like the shadow of the pretty little La Ramée. Richard caught him in his arms, and hugged him with transport.

"Oh how they wept for you!" said he; "and what difficulty I had in keeping your secret! Well, have you seen Paris? Is it as large as people say? Have you learned a great deal there? Are you very wise now?"

Pierre smiled sadly: "I have seen

but little of Paris," he said; "and I return as ignorant as when I set out. Oh, Richard, I have suffered a great deal, especially from hunger. But mother, father—how are they?"

Just then they reached the cottage door: the parents of Pierre tried to look stern and unforgiving, but it would not do. The father's eyes were filled with tears while he told his son that he had forfeited his affection; and the mother covered him with kisses while she protested that she would never embrace him again in her life.

"Come," said a brother of Calinette, who had lately taken up his abode with the family, "this is the return of the Prodigal Son. Let every one embrace him and be satis-

fied. You, brother-in-law, forgive the little fellow; and you, sister, give him some good warm soup. And do you, my boy, promise your parents not to leave home again."

"Without their permission," said Pierre.

"What! do you still think of returning?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Notwithstanding all you have suffered?"

"Oh, to suffer is nothing! to learn is everything!"

Astonished at this determination, the uncle considered for a moment, and then said — "Your desire shall be accomplished, nephew; it would be a pity to disappoint so much courage and perseverance. I am an

old man without children, and I have a few gold coins lying idle in my trunk: I think, brother, I'll e'en spend them in indulging our young scapegrace: what do you say?"

"I say, Vincent, that if you will pay for his schooling, I do not desire better than to have him instructed, and I will readily allow him to return to Paris."

Great was the joy of Pierre at hearing these words. Behold him again on the high road; but this time with a light heart, an easy conscience, and a pocket furnished with money, and a letter of introduction to the principal of the college of Navarre in Paris.

He arrived, and was admitted. The first time that our young hero

found himself seated in a class, with a professor about to instruct him, was an hour of unmixed delight. It seemed to him as though he had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor memory to retain all he wanted to learn. He came to the banquet of science as a hungry man would come to a delicious feast; therefore the progress that he made, especially in Latin, was so marvellous, that his companions, to commemorate it, Latinised his name, and called him RAMUS. By this name he was ever afterwards distinguished. But the trials the poor boy was destined to undergo were not yet ended.

His uncle, more generous than rich, found at length that his funds

were exhausted. He caused a letter to be written to him containing these words: — “Leave the college, dear Pierre; I have no more money to send you. You have now quite sufficient learning to conduct your father’s trade.”

Just before the receipt of this letter the principal had told Ramus that in two years more his studies would be completed.

“Two years!” thought he: “only two years; and I must leave the college! Oh no! I will find some means of remaining.” And instead of despairing, as an ordinary boy might have done, Ramus applied himself to diligent exertion.

For some time the managers of

the college had been seeking a servant to brush the clothes and clean the shoes of the pupils. As the wages were small, and the work laborious, but few candidates offered for the place, when one day a young lad presented himself, whose appearance greatly astonished the principal.

"Ramus!" he cried; "Ramus! One of our best pupils offering himself as a shoe-boy!"

"My uncle can no longer pay for my education, sir, and I cannot bear to leave the college."

"Well, my child, then remain," said the master, touched by his anxiety; "but 'tis a great pity. You would make a better pupil than

servant. How much do you expect?"

"Ah, I dare not say."

"Let us see: on account of your age and anxiety to remain, I will increase the wages somewhat."

"Sir," said Ramus with a desperate effort, "I do not ask money; all I wish is permission to retain my place in the class. I will continue my studies by day, and work hard as a servant by night."

"And when will you sleep?" asked the principal, greatly affected.

"During the hours of recreation!" replied the noble boy.

What may not be accomplished by a real thirst for knowledge! Ramus steadily continued his almost

superhuman labours of mind and body, and in the end he reaped a reward. After leaving the college, he received all the honours and degrees that are conferred on learned men; and King Henry II. named him professor of eloquence and philosophy in the College of France.

He published several works, which still attest the enlargement of his mind and the extent of his knowledge. It was he who invented the letter V. Before his time, U had been employed in all cases when either letter was required.

Ramus became rich and prosperous, as well as learned; but he did not forget his parents, nor his old friend Louison — who had predicted

that he would become a great man —nor Richard, who was the first to develop his intellect, in teaching him to read. I am sorry to have to add, that Ramus perished in the year 1572, in the cruel massacre of St Bartholomew.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

At the door of a little corner shop, in a pretty village on the northern coast of Ulster, there stood one day a young girl looking out on the summer sea, where the sunbeams were glancing; and the waves danced merrily onward, till they fell in broken pieces of foam amid the fragments of rock which lay scattered along the beach. She was accosted by a poor man in an old worn coat, and a round felt hat slouched over his forehead.

"I'm a poor orphan! I have neither father nor mother, uncle nor aunt, sister nor brother. I'm a poor orphan!"



THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.



The customary question of, "Where do you come from, good man?" was asked by the girl; and was answered in the same words in which he had before addressed her: "I'm a poor orphan! I have neither father nor mother, uncle nor aunt, sister nor brother."

The whining tone in which these words were uttered; the appearance of the man, who was of mature years, and evidently independent for support of the relations whom he had thus enumerated; but, above all, the singularly comical expression that lurked in his eye as he raised it from beneath the felt hat, forced a smile from his auditress; on perceiving which, he grinned in return, and continued, "If you

please, I'll dance a step for you!" And, accordingly, he commenced dancing, with unshod feet, on the hard ground, to his own singing—“Ryti-idle-ty, idle-ty, ryti-idle-ty-i-do.”

“Whom have you got here, Mary?” said the owner of the shop to his daughter. Then recognizing the beggar, he shook him kindly by the hand, and said, “Arrah, Jemmy, is this you? When did you come? How is all at home? and his honour? and the young ladies? are they all well?”

“All well, if you please. I'm very intimate with the ladies; they always speak to me when they meet me in the walks; and if I say, ‘How do you get your own healths?’ they

say, ‘Very well, thank you, Jemmy. How do you get your health?’ And that’s all.”

Then, again, turning to Mary, “I’m thinkin’ of settin’ up a dancin’ school; and if you’d be for larnin’, I can tache all the steps.”

“I don’t know,” said she; “my mother doesn’t like dancin’ schools; but, may be, yours would be an exception.”

“Well, you’ll come if you can; and here is another step.” And again he danced with all his might.

Many inquiries were now made of the father of Mary concerning the mendicant, with whom he seemed to be acquainted.

“He’s an innocent crathur,” said M’Henry. “He’s only half-witted;

but he's good, and ready to work, when the work is put into his hands; and when he can't get it, he never wants a meal or a night's lodging, for all in the town where he lives are ready to help him."

Amongst the crowd which had gathered round the shop door, was a little girl, the daughter of a fisherman, who, taking fast hold of her father's hand, pulled him onward with her, that she might have a view of poor Jemmy's exhibition.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, "I never did see such dancing." And, before the dance was ended, she had put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out a penny — all the wealth she possessed — and, "Father," she said, "may I give it to the poor man?"

"Give it, and welcome," replied the kind-hearted fisherman. And the penny was dropped into the hat of Jemmy, together with the other contributions of the bystanders. He cast a grateful look towards the child, bowed his thanks to the rest, and, after a few more words addressed to Mary, proceeded on his way.

The village of Sebright presents a busy aspect, when some days of stormy weather, accompanied by high tides, are succeeded by an unruffled sky and a smooth sea. Then, when the waters are at a low ebb, most of the inhabitants of the lower class flock to the beach to gather sea-weed, which they collect in heaps on the shore, and then carry

away to spread on their land, or sell to carriers who come from distant places to purchase it. There is an ample supply for all; and those who, by diligence and assiduity, have amassed a large quantity, find it a tolerably lucrative trade.

The day on which the mendicant first made his appearance, was a day of assembling in crowds to collect the products of the deep, thus bounteously bestowed. The calm and placid face of the sea presented a striking contrast to the look of turbulence which it had worn for some days before. Along that iron-bound coast the storms are terrific in the extreme, and grand as they are terrific when they raise the billows high as mountains, and then

dash them in fury against the rocks, the white foam on their edges curling upward, and filling the air with misty clouds of spray. The roar of the waves, and the hollow murmuring of the wind in the chimneys, and through each crevice by which it can gain admittance into the houses, fill the minds of the inmates with visions of upturned vessels, and shipwrecked mariners; and teach them, whilst the tempest rages without, to feel the most fervent gratitude for the blessing of a peaceful fireside within; which they enjoy under the protection of an exemplary landlord, and of a highly respected superintendent, who is always on the spot to take cognizance of their wants, and to devise measures for the redress of their grievances.

This day the sea was at rest, and bright as the smile of childhood when an hour of fretfulness has passed away. The next morning, also, was sunny and warm; and the tide receding at an early hour, the villagers were soon astir, and at work amid the tangled bunches of sea-weed which lay at their feet. Some boats had come from another part of the coast, and lay at anchor close by the rocks, whilst awaiting the returning tide to carry them out; and, when filled with sea-weed, and having their low sails furled, they added much to the picturesque appearance of the scene.

Many of the fishermen had gone to cast their lines in the deep and distant water. Amongst these was

Donald, the father of the little child who had come to watch poor Jemmy's performance, and who, in return, had kindly given him her whole treasure. The fisherman had not been gone many hours, when his wife, taking with her her little daughter, repaired to the beach; where, provided with a basket, and other necessary implements, they pursued their work with great diligence. In a quiet place such as this, everything new, however uninteresting in itself, excites general attention. All now spoke of the dancing beggar man.

"Did you see him when he first came yesterday?"

"Didn't I? And didn't I see him too in the evening, when the piper

was playin'? Weans dear! such dancin' I never saw. At every turn of the pipes he did take the music out of them."

"But do you think, Willie, he's an innocent? or is it scheming, he is?"

"Och! he's innocent, to be sure. I heard it from Neal MacHenry, and he knows all about him, for he's from his own place? and yet, he says, says he, 'there's a principle in him;' for when they were all drinkin' up by there, and some of the fishermen as bad as the rest, they wanted him — that's Jemmy — to join them, but — 'No, no,' says he, 'I take no *sperts*. The money's hard earned, and it won't go that a way, and me in want of a coat.'"

"Well, well," retorted a cross old dame, "if its coats he's wantin', he ought to have stayed in his own place. We've enough of his sort here."

Meanwhile, little Nanny had remained close to her mother's side, and had gathered as much sea-weed as her basket could contain. This she carried to a heap at some distance, and, returning, she was induced to take a more circuitous route, by the tempting appearance of a large piece of sea-weed, which she saw on the edge of a projecting rock. To gain the spot was the work of a few moments, so nimbly did she speed over the rocks that lay in her way. But the wished-for prize was not so easily obtained, for

it lay partly covered and held fast by a huge stone, which her little strength was not sufficient to remove. She pulled with all her might, and succeeded in disengaging some of the tangles, as the long leaves are termed, and throwing them aside, she was in the act of stooping to secure a further portion, when her foot slipped, and, spite of all her endeavours to hold on by the slippery weeds that grew out of the rock, she fell, and uttering a piercing cry, was precipitated into the depth below.

The cry reached a mother's ear; she recognised the voice of her child, whom till then she had not missed from her side; and shrieking in wild despair, she hastened towards the

rock, followed by some of the villagers, who, like her, had heard the sound of agony which burst from the lips of the drowning child; but, ere they could reach the point from whence the cry proceeded, the waves had closed over the child's head, without leaving a trace of their fatal work. Who can describe the mother's anguish as she traversed the rock from side to side in search of her lost treasure? With frenzied eye she watched the efforts of the most experienced swimmers, whilst they threw themselves into the tide, and searched in vain for even the inanimate body where it lay far out of sight; and all hope of rescue had nearly gone from her heart, when a sudden plunge was made into the

water — the figure of a man disappeared directly beneath the spot where the fatal accident had occurred — and again the same figure appeared on the surface, bearing in his arms the lifeless form of the little Nanny, which he carried up the rock and laid gently on the lap of her mother.

"My heart's darling! Have I got you in safety again?" exclaimed Margaret; but her joy was quickly turned into grief on perceiving that all signs of life had fled. The eyes of the bystanders were now fixed on the person who had succeeded, though late, in effecting what they had aimed at in vain. It was the mendicant. From a neighbouring height he had watched his little

benefactress of the day before, and his grey eye twinkled with delight as he saw her bounding along the rocky causeway, and then endeavouring to make herself mistress of the brilliant weed which had attracted her attention. The next moment he beheld her fall. He waited but to take the most exact notice of the spot, then hastening with all the speed which he could make over sharp stones that lacerated his feet — heedless of all obstacles, he reached the rock—plunged headlong into the sea, and diving adroitly, laid hold of the object of his search, where she lay concealed from view amid the dark leaves of the sea plants. But, alas! his efforts were likely to prove of little avail,

or no returning consciousness could be discovered.

A crowd of people had collected around Margaret, and amongst them was the village doctor, who gave his advice that the child should be carried home immediately, laid in a warm bed, and such remedies applied as were generally considered available for the recovery of persons suffering under suspended animation. Margaret hastened to follow his prescriptions, though her heart sank within her at the slight prospect of their being of real utility. Had Donald even been at home, she thought, it would have been some mitigation of her sorrow. How would he bear the news that awaited him? Perhaps he would blame her

for not keeping a closer watch over their only child; and what came over her she could not tell when she let her go so far out of her sight; but she never had a thought of her straying away, for Nanny was not apt to run into danger, though fearless when she chanced to meet with it.

Carried home in the arms of one of her kind neighbours, the little Nanny was immediately disengumbered of her wet clothes, and laid between warm blankets. Her body was rubbed with hot flannel, the same was applied to the region of the heart and stomach, and bottles filled with warm water were laid at her feet and hands. Still she showed no symptom of returning conscious-

ness; her limbs became swollen, and her face discoloured. A warm salt water bath was prepared, and on being taken out of it she was again laid in bed, and covered with as many blankets as their own and the next houses could supply.

Margaret now sat in silent woe, gazing on the altered frame which lay before her. Friends and neighbours came pouring into the cottage, and seated themselves by turns at the fireside, discussing the subject of the child's fall, and of the possibility or impossibility of the remedies employed being essentially serviceable. This was done with little regard to the feelings of the mother; but she was so totally absorbed in her own grief as to be regardless of all that was passing around her.

Time passed, and it was rumoured that the boats were returning from the deep sea-fishing. Margaret was aroused by the report; and, for the first time in her life, she shuddered at the approach of her husband. The boats drew near, and one was missing of the number which had gone out in the morning. It was that in which Donald was a partner. "What's happened to your comrade?" was the inquiry made of the other fishermen. The boat had lingered behind for a larger haul of fish, but would follow in a short time; and soon it became visible, like a dark speck on the waters. It came nearer and nearer — at length it approached the beach, and was carried by a wave into the little

harbour. Donald leaped on shore, and looked around for the little girl who was wont to be the foremost to meet him on his return. She was not there. He turned his eyes towards the hills, to see whether she might not be watching from thence. The crowd collected near the boats were unwilling to speak the tidings which they had come to tell.

"Good morrow, Jemmy," said the fisherman to the beggar, who stood one of the foremost. "How goes it with you? There's no dancin' to-day."

"It's not dancin' that's in our heads to-day, if you please," said Jemmy.

"And what is it, then?"

"Och! it is sorrow and trouble

for the "goodly bough that is bent,
and for the blossom that lies low."

His speech, enigmatical though it was, touched a chord in the heart of the father; and he looked with an inquiring gaze after the mendicant. But he had turned away, to hide the tears that were fast gathering in his eyes. Immediately a number of voices were raised to relate the tale in more than all its aggravating circumstances, and but a few moments later found the agonized father standing beside the bed of his still unconscious child.

Meantime, poor Jemmy had traversed the village, and calling at the hotel, had asked whether his honour the Captain were within. Being answered in the negative, he first

made himself sure of the direction in which the object of his search might probably be found; and then proceeded at an ambling, shuffling gait, along the highway, asking at each cottage door which he passed, whether the Captain had gone by. Some of the cottagers, to whom he contrived to make his words intelligible, directed him aright, and arriving at a small hamlet, or cluster of houses, he entered one inhabited by the family of a fisherman; and glancing his eye around the interior of the small and melancholy looking abode, he beheld, in an inner apartment, separated by a slight partition from the kitchen, the gentleman whom he sought, engaged in conversation with the owner of the hut,

who lay extended on a bed of sickness. It was not a time for ceremony, and pushing inward the half-open door, Jemmy stood with hat in hand, making a low obeisance.

"How is this?" said the gentleman whom he had interrupted in the act of endeavouring to impart a sense of his awful situation to the mind of a dying sinner. "Keep off, my good man, until a more fitting time."

"There's no time to lose, your honour, if you please," said Jemmy; "for its life and death that's in it, and you're the man that knows the way to save the child, if you will but follow me."

Mr. Clements knew enough of Jemmy's character to be certain he

could depend on the truth of that which he averred; and though it was difficult to understand at once the full purport of his communication, he saw that it would be best to follow his wishes without loss of time; and, ever prompt in obeying the dictates of benevolence, he determined on bidding farewell for the present to the sick man, who, though evidently dying, was likely to have a lingering illness.

The fatal effects of excessive drinking — a vice too common amongst those of his calling, were strikingly illustrated in the wretched man whom he was about to leave. His own health destroyed—his wife and children reduced to poverty and destitution—a house devoid of com-

forts, even of necessary furniture—all was cheerless and miserable, and presented a picture of the most abject wretchedness. Before quitting the room, Mr. Clements again addressed its owner in a manner solemn as the subject on which he spoke; and counselled him to bear in mind the passages which he had read from Holy Scripture, together with the comments which he had made on them; and exhorted him to think deeply on the awful change which awaited him if continuing in a state of impenitence, and to seek, by earnest and heartfelt prayer, the pardon and mercy of which he had so much need.

"Let me never sin, but that was nately spoken," said Jemmy, as he

followed Mr. Clements from the house; "our own clargy at home, and that's the Reverind McHiggins, could'nt have done it better; but now, Captain, jewel, make haste, for it's little Nanny, Donald's child, that's drowned; and sure I am you must have skill that-a-way — you that were aboord a man-of-war."

His auditor was now doubly anxious to follow the guidance of the beggar. Though but a visitor at Sebright, he knew Donald well; had gone with him several times in his boat, and had often admired the little flaxen-haired child, as she played on the beach with her young companions, or went through her daily course of instruction, blended with delight, at the infant school. He

had, too, not a little skill with regard to the treatment of persons suffering from long immersion under water, having been called on to assist in their recovery on more than one occasion, whilst following the duties of his profession. He was a lieutenant in the navy — not having yet obtained the rank of a commander; although Jemmy, from a species of courtesy common amongst those of his class, always designated him as “his honour the Captain.” Quickly he sped on his errand of mercy; and, arrived at the cottage of Donald — “Fly off, Jemmy,” he said, “for the doctor who has been in attendance here; I must advise with him on the measures now to be taken.” He then entered, and as Margaret rose from

her seat, a slight ray of hope overspread her countenance. Donald remained absorbed in his own grief, his eyes fixed on the altered features of his child.

Mr. Clements gazed on the lifeless form before him — then on the sorrowing parents — and his look was that of a pitying angel. But he knew that there was no need for despair, so long as there was a possibility of administering aid; and he at once set about employing the remedies which he had on former occasions tried with success. He was convinced that many persons have lost their lives by drowning or other accidents, who might have been saved by the use of proper means duly attended to; and dis-

covering that here a belief of their utter inability to restore animation had led to a renunciation of the necessary means, before they had had, perhaps, time to take effect, he pointed out the necessity of using fresh stimulants — again applying hot water and warm flannels — and at the same time administering a portion of air to the lungs by means of a small pair of bellows. In all his exertions he was aided by the physician of the place, a young man of much talent and ability, who had left the house shortly before, almost in despair of effecting the desired object, but who now most gladly undertook a farther trial of his skill, when supported by so experienced an assistant.

Still it seemed that all their efforts were unavailing, for no symptoms of returning consciousness had yet appeared; or if such they were, it was well nigh impossible to discern them. Donald, who had busied himself with the rest, while he thought there might still be a hope, was again fast sinking into despondency; and yet, he said, "he might well thank the Lord that his child had been snatched away, while no crime had sullied her infant years; and, if he must part with her, he trusted that it was but for a time, and that she had been removed from the storms of this lower world to a haven of peace and happiness." Her mother, too, expressed feelings of pious resignation, while her own heart was breaking

Outside of the door stood Jemmy, endeavouring to keep at a distance the crowd, who, from time to time, strove to gain admission into the house.

"Ye'll just keep off, if you please. We're allowed to keep the house quiet. The child's sleepin', and its no use disturbin' her. To be sure she'll get the better of it — hasn't his honour, the Captain, taken it in hand?" Then, finding that they still pressed onward, he said in a low tone, "Listen. Did you hear of the man that's dyin' up ayont there? They say its shortness of breath that kills him, but the Captain thinks its his death for certain. Sure I don't know what they call him; but if ye would just step over,

ye would hear. There'll be a wake ther'." And thus turning the tide of their curiosity in a new direction, he succeeded in dispersing the crowd. Then seating himself on a stone beside the door, he gazed vacantly on the ocean.

Who can fathom the inmost thoughts of a creature such as this? Errors there were, but they were errors of the judgment rather than of the heart, and they were mingled with many of the kindest and best feelings of human nature. He seemed, at this period, wholly absorbed in the one all-engrossing subject of the child's recovery, yet his countenance varied not from the unmeaning smile which characterized it, and which never disappeared

even at times when involuntary flashes of intellect seemed to burst from out the dulness of his understanding. He had a keen sense of hearing, and as he sat with his head reclining towards the half-open door, he caught the sound of a low sigh from the bed. It was followed by an exclamation of fervent thanksgiving from Margaret, and Jemmy sprang to his feet; but, ere he had crossed the threshold, Mr. Clements's hand was pressed to his lips. Jemmy understood the sign, and immediately regained his station outside.

A slight pulsation was now apparent, succeeded by a low breathing, which gradually became perceptible to those who stood around. There was a moment of intense in-

terest, and then the little sufferer slowly opened her eyes, and exclaimed, "Father! Mother!" and again closed them. Warned by Dr. Hartley of the extreme necessity of caution at this interval, Margaret experienced the most painful struggle which she had yet undergone — that of restraining her rapture on the sudden revulsion of feeling, from the depths of despair to the hope — the almost certainty — of her child's recovery. She dared not give utterance to the joyous exclamations which arose to her lips, and, sinking on her knees, she prayed inwardly and earnestly for strength to resist the yearning desire which she felt to give vent to her maternal feelings of tenderness and love. The

prayer of faith ascended on high, and she was endued with superhuman fortitude, and was enabled to continue calm and composed, without shedding even one tear of joy.

Donald, meanwhile, hung over his darling child, administering, as he was directed, hartshorn and other restoratives by means of a feather to her lips. Slowly and gradually she awoke to consciousness. Her mother was suffered to clasp her in her arms; she knew all who were near her bed, had a faint recollection of the danger to which she had been exposed, and could understand somewhat of the unwearied efforts which had been made for her recovery.

"Father," she said, "I had a dream. I thought I was going up

on wings to heaven, and an angel met me. And the angel was like Mr. Clements; and he said, ‘Come back, Nanny, you must not leave your father and mother yet.’ And as soon as I touched the earth again, I held the hand of the dancing beggar-man.”

“And here he is,” said Donald. “Return him thanks, my child; for he it was who rescued you from the deep, and was the first to restore you to your parents.”

Nanny took the hand of the mendicant, and pressed it warmly; and thanked him with all her heart for the kindness which he had shown to her.

“Och! long life to you, and many happy days, mavourneen,” he said;

"and long life to the Captain, for it's him that has saved you. I found the corpse; but it was him that put the life into it."

The young heart of Nanny overflowed with gratitude towards each and all of her preservers. Neither did she nor her parents forget, whilst returning thanks to their earthly benefactors, that their best and highest praise was due to the great First Cause of all our blessings.

"What strange contrasts!" said Mr. Clements to Dr. Hartley, as they left the cottage, "what strange contrasts we meet with in our every-day walks in life! This day I have witnessed the restoration of an amiable child to her pious and deserving parents; and I have wit-

nessed, also, the awful drawing near to another world of a soul sunk in the depths of vice, and consequent misery, and hovering on the brink of eternity, with scarce a hope—scarce even a thought of the end to which he is hastening."

The restoration of little Nanny was a joyful event, not only to her parents, but to all in the village; for she was a universal favourite. Her sweet temper and obliging disposition, added to her child-like simplicity, won for her the love of all who knew her.

Jemmy was not suffered to leave the village until he had received from Donald such marks of his gratitude as he could bestow. A coat and a pair of shoes, both little

WORD, were amongst the number; and Nanny requested that she might be permitted to add a pair of stockings of her own knitting, which she had just finished for her father. The proprietor of the place, on hearing of the heroic conduct of the mendicant, sent for him, and presented him with a liberal donation of money, of which Mr. Clements was requested to undertake the charge.

"One portion of the money," he said, "I shall reserve for occasions of sickness, Jemmy, or for any other calamity. The other shall be paid to you weekly, in sums sufficient to keep you from absolute want; for I suppose you do not wish to be relieved altogether of asking at a friend's door now and again."

"No, if you please, your honour; but, anyhow, I would like a frock out of it for little Nanny."

The frock was bought; the mother of Mr. Clements had it made, and Nanny wore it with pride in memory of her kind preserver. She grew up to be a blessing to both her parents; and the remembrance of her rescue from a watery grave was ever wont to rise to her mind, when tempted by any of the vain and passing objects of this world's desire, to stray from the direct path of duty.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS.

NEXT to the resolving of flowers into their component parts, and determining their species, genera, &c., the most delightful of all botanical pursuits is that of Floral Geography. The inquiring mind beholds in every nook where a flower can find room to open its delicate leaves, some new tribute to the unerring providence of God. Every leaf and bud suggests new thoughts, and in viewing the wonderful structure of the vegetable kingdom, the mind begins to form an adequate idea of that Being who not only supplies man with all the necessaries of life, but scatters

beauty along his path, and speaks to him of hope and mercy through the fragrant cups and emerald leaves of the flowers that blossom everywhere.

There is no place, not even the icy glaciers of Switzerland, where flowers are not found. On the snow-bound coasts of Melville's Island, around which everlasting icebergs are floating, the little red snow-plant opens its tiny petals, and stains the white robe of the hills with its crimson light. On the frozen summit of Sulitelma, in Norway, the beautiful blue gentian and fringed pink bend over the edges of glaciers, and behold their colours in the polished ice below. The lily of the valley also shines, white and spotless, on the

few spaces which the short summers of Norway and Sweden can clothe in green verdure, and the strawberry blossom peeps up along the steep sides of the ice-capped mountains.

And who shall describe the rich luxuriance of tropical growth — the magnificent Brazilian forests and the “lone and lovely islands in the far-off southern seas?” The surpassing beauty of the orange-tree, which displays on one side the golden fruit and on the other its snowy blossoms, is an example. Those who tend the pining cactus and the drooping exotic in northern hot-houses can form no idea of the gorgeous flowers that bloom, almost perennially, in the rich tropical

climes, nurtured by soft southern breezes and fervid sunshine.

Even in phlegmatic, composed Holland, these beautiful objects (the alphabets of angels, they have been truly called) have been fully appreciated. It seems rather ludicrous to fancy the sturdy, tobacco-smoking Dutch running mad after tulip roots; but when we come to examine the delicate fibres of the soul, and to consider the firm and unalterable links that exist between the beautiful in all its forms and the spirit of man, we cease to wonder.

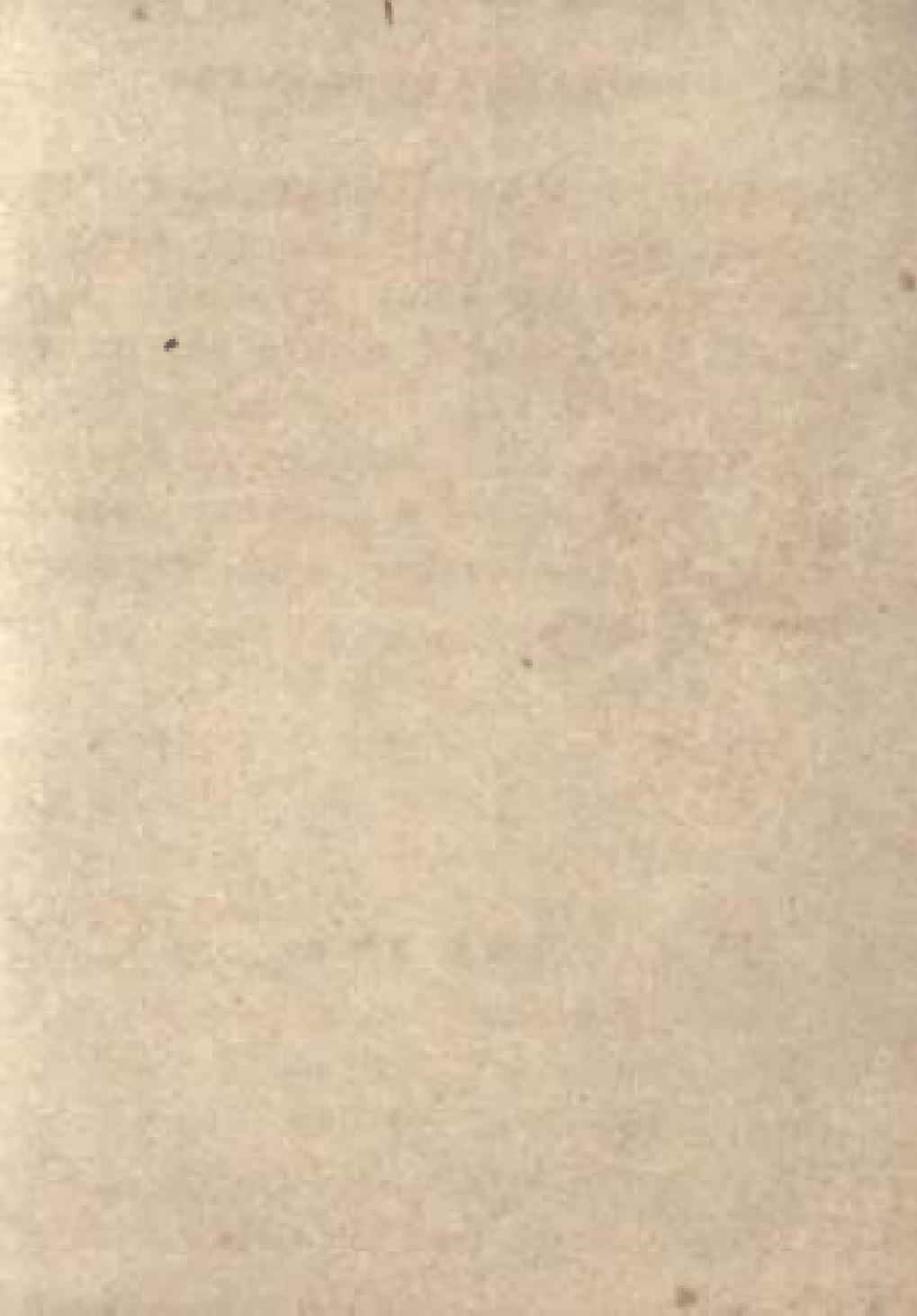
The thistle of Scotland, the white and red roses of England, and the fleur-de-lis of France, are immortalized in history as the emblems of their respective countries. Thus,

not satisfied with their supreme dominion over the kingdoms of love, innocence, and beauty, they entwine themselves with war and politics—no less beautiful, however, in the one case than in the other.

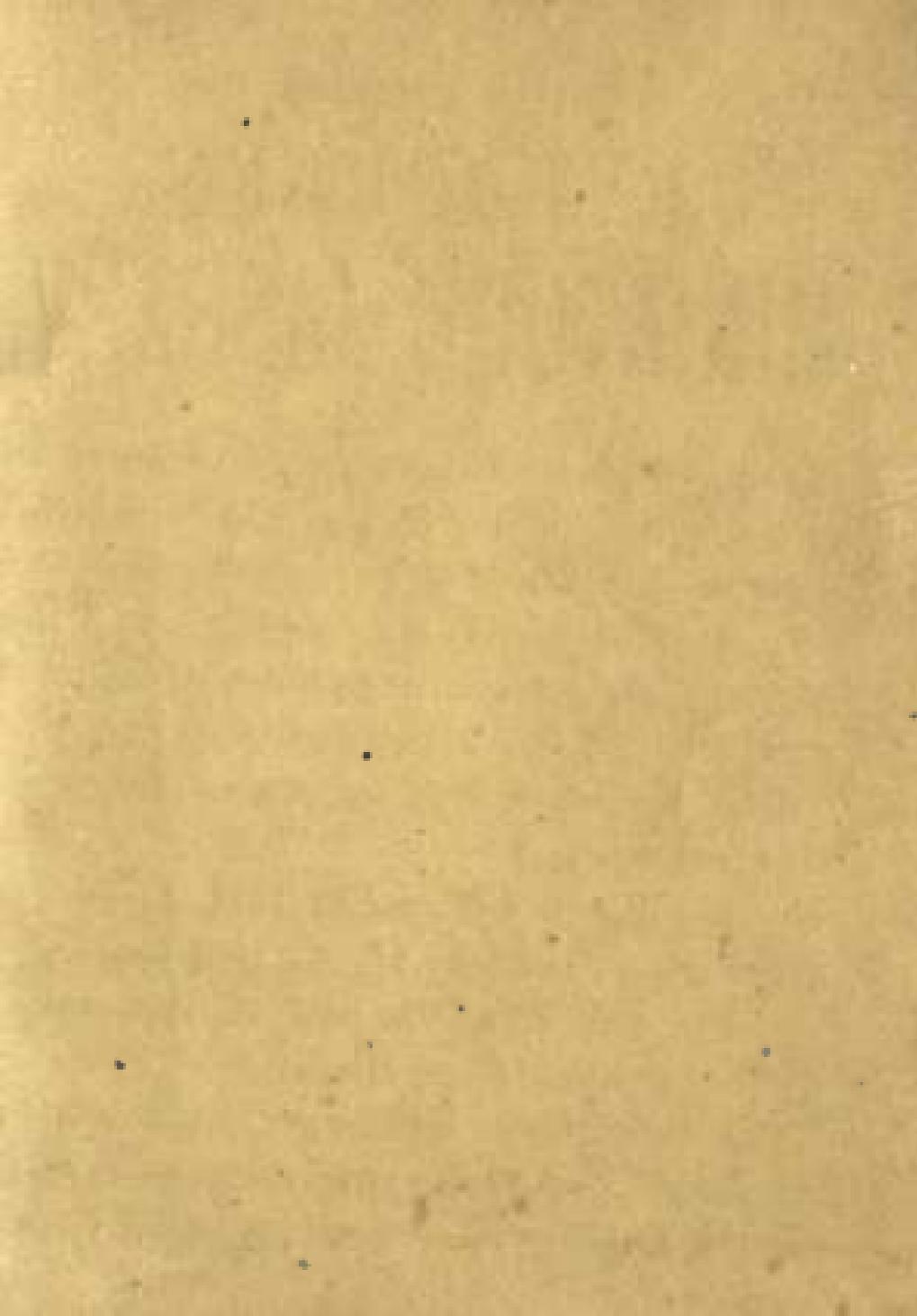
Happy, then, is the person who is early taught a love of flowers. Earth may grow weary to him, life may lose its charms, but he will ever derive consolation from the thousand sources of Nature. He may go forth despairing and disgusted with the deceptive charms of the world; but when he is alone in the mossy woods, with the flowers all around, and their odour rising in the hushed air, he finds that there is beauty still left in existence. His spirit roves from the beautiful

flowers to their Maker and Preserver, and to the blessed coming time when he shall wander as a white-robed angel where the roses of Paradise are blossoming along the River of Life, fadeless and beautiful, the types of a glorious immortality to the erring and wayward heart of man.

THE END.







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